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THE KHEVIE'S WEDDING AT CAIRO: READING THE NEWS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"It will be all the same a hundred years hence" is a reflection that gives one but small comfort in present calamity, and it may be said that the fact that it *was* all the same thing a hundred years ago has not much more of consolation in it. Still, there is some gleam of satisfaction in the thought that what we have been of late enduring in the way of frost was endured by our ancestors in 1789, without probably half our advantages in the way of mitigation. The historian of the matter, however, takes a cheerful view of it. "The scene on the Thames is very entertaining: from Putney Bridge upwards the river is completely frozen over, and people walk to and from the different villages on the face of the deep. Opposite to Windsor Street booths have been erected since Friday last, and a fair is kept on the river. Multitudes of people are continually passing and repassing; puppet-shows, roundabouts, and all the various amusements of Bartholomew Fair are exhibited. In short, Putney and Fulham, from the morning dawn till the dusk of returning evening, is a scene of festivity and gaiety. On the twelfth a young bear was baited on the ice opposite to Redriffe (Rotherhithe), which drew multitudes, and, fortunately, no accident happened to interrupt their sport." People had to put up with greater inconveniences in those days, but they were not so fastidious, and had not been accustomed to better things. They did not suffer from burst pipes nor dilatory plumbers, for they had none of either. The outward-bound vessels at Deptford and Gravesend had to clear out with all dispatch lest they should be caught in the ice and detained. But of late days they *have* been caught, which would seem to prove that the recent frost was more intense than its forerunner. The year 1796, however, seems to have beaten the record for frost in England.

The recent skating on the Serpentine reminds me of a story I once heard Thackeray tell about it. He asked one of the men who lets out skates there whether he had ever lost a pair through the omission to exact a deposit, and he replied that he had never done so except on one occasion, when the circumstances made it almost pardonable. A well-dressed young fellow was having his second skate fastened on, when he suddenly broke away from the man's hands and dashed on to the ice. The next instant a thick-set powerful man was clamouring for another pair. "I shall nab him now," he cried, "for I am a dab at skating." He was a sheriff's officer in pursuit of his prey, and a very animating sight it was to watch the chase. He was, as he had boasted, a first-rate skater, and it became presently obvious that he was running down his man. Then the young fellow determined to run a desperate risk for liberty. The ice, as usual, under the bridge, on the other side of which is the Long Water, was marked "dangerous," and he made for it at headlong speed. The ice bent beneath his weight, but he got safely through. The sheriff's officer followed with equal pluck, but, being a heavier man, broke through and was drowned. "His skates," said the narrator of the incident, "I got back after the inquest, but those the young gentleman had on I never saw again."

If in addition to "No flowers" we should see added to the obituary notices in cold weather some such advertisement as this: "It is particularly requested that friends should not risk their lives in this inclement weather by attendance at the funeral service," it would be a great boon to the community. For my part, should I pass away while winter reigns, it is my earnest desire that no friends of mine—themselves, perhaps, breadwinners—should, from mistaken piety, stand bareheaded to be shot at by wind and snow at my graveside. Their presence, once so comforting and pleasure-giving, can be of no further service then: they cannot be with me on the "uncompanied way"; they will have done their duty, and, Heaven knows, far more than their duty, to me while I was alive; and if moved to do so, they can drop a tear—for "there are worse things than tears"—for me at home (where it will not be frozen on the cheek) instead of at the cemetery. It is extraordinary, considering the views we profess to entertain upon spiritual matters, that we should continue to attach such importance to seeing the inanimate body laid in its last home. It may be said, of course, that we do so to show our love for him; but if that has not been already made manifest, it has become too late to show it, though we followed his hearse on foot, with weepers three feet long, from the Land's End to John o'Groat's.

Our Anti-Gambling Leagues are flying at high game, but not higher than they aimed at a century ago. Gaming was then carried out among the upper circles to an extent now almost inconceivable, but there was no "betting on the tape," of course, nor was the general public nearly so demoralised by it. It was not only the gambling houses which drove a roaring trade—those in Oxenden Street were stated in the Court of King's Bench to have spent £50,000 a year on *dinners*—but almost every fashionable mansion was a gambling house. So hospitable were their titled occupants that they provided two hot suppers every night—or, rather, in the morning, at one and three—to screw their guests up for the faro-tables. Some ladies let out their houses to the professional faro-table keepers for twenty-five guineas a night. Eventually

great indignation arose against the gamblers. Information began to be laid against offenders, and "we have reason to know" (says the *Times*) "that two ladies of fashion who keep open houses for gaming at the West End of the town have lately paid large *douceurs* to ward off the hand of justice."

At a trial for the recovery of money lost at a public-house on Sunday, Lord Kenyon was very severe upon "those who think they are too great for the law. If any precautions of this kind are fairly brought before me," he said, "and the parties are justly convicted, whatever be their rank or station in the country—though they be the first ladies in the land—they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory." A judge after the heart of the Anti-Gambling League indeed! A Bill was even drafted by the Bench of Bishops which provided for the offence of playing any game of chance upon a Sunday the penalty of transportation for seven years to Botany Bay. While the owner of the house—"he or she"—for permitting such gambling, was to be transported for life. Things never came practically, however, to such a pass as that. "On Saturday at Marlborough Street," we read, "came on to be heard informations against Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, Mrs. Sturt, and Mr. Concannon, for having on the night of the 30th of last January played at faro at Lady Buckinghamshire's house in St. James's Square, and Mr. Martindale was charged with being the proprietor of the table. The evidence went to prove that the defendants had gaming parties at their different houses by rotation, and that when they met at Lady B.'s the witnesses used to wait upon them in the gambling-room, and that they played at E. O., *Rouge et Noir*, etc., from about eleven or twelve, till three or four o'clock in the morning. After hearing counsel, the Magistrates convicted Henry Martindale in the penalty of £200, and each of the Ladies in £50. The information against Mr. Concannon was quashed, on account of his being summoned by a wrong Christian name." If the players had no ready money they staked its equivalent. "A house of furniture was lost last week to a lady in Pall Mall, who had played against the stock of a farm in Essex."

One may pursue humour to extremity, and really, in China things are getting beyond a joke, when we have Admiral Ting and his three principal commanders by land and sea all committing suicide. He wrote, we are told, a very politely worded letter for self and friends to the Japanese Commander-in-Chief, to explain that they were unable to survive the disgrace of being beaten. One would have thought that by this time all Chinese commanders had become pretty well used to it. The admiration some persons will doubtless feel for such spirited conduct is dashed by the reflection that in any case they would all four have been put to death had they reached Peking. The Emperor will soon have to congratulate himself that there is not an incapable nor even an unlucky general in his whole army. "All, all will have gone, the old familiar faces," thanks to the dexterity of the executioner. "His Imperial Majesty," says the English correspondent, inoculated with the humour of his surroundings, "is so incensed at the loss of Wei-hai-Wei that he has not only decreed the execution of every military and civil officer concerned with the defence of that stronghold, but has taken the unusual course of authorising all the fugitives from the place to be beheaded." "The unusual course" is a pleasant phrase for conduct which has never been paralleled except by the Red Queen in "Alice in Wonderland."

It is probable that the unfortunate Ting was ignorant of the great Napoleon's views upon military suicide. When he was First Consul an epidemic of self-slaughter took place among the soldiery, and he addressed them a characteristic circular: "A soldier ought to know how to overcome grief and melancholy; there is as much true fortitude in suffering mental pain with firmness as in remaining firm before the grape-shot of a battery." Even if this had met the Chinese General's eye it is doubtful whether it would have altered matters. The fact is that the offence in question is, even in Christian countries, a more open one, and less directly denounced than any other. It is certain that it was at one time thought highly of, as well as a courageous thing to do. It is now spoken of as very cowardly, which is ridiculous: it takes a great deal of courage, though it may be the courage of despair, to terminate one's own existence. Shakspeare tells us that the canon has been fixed against self-slaughter, but I don't know where he found it. His own reasons against it are, however, very forcible. He summarises in a few graphic lines "the whips and scorns" that make life intolerable—

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

and asks who would bear them when he has only—

To die: to sleep,—
No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache . . .

Then comes his reply—suggestive, weird, tremendous, though expressed so fantastically—

To sleep! perchance, to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come!

As forbidding a statement as can well be imagined short of a direct prohibition. The question was discussed, we are told, during the Siege of Lucknow among the imprisoned ladies as to whether it would be justifiable to commit suicide rather than fall into the hands of their enemies, and the conclusion seems to have been that it was a matter for each one to decide for herself. I knew a man, as little addicted to morbid feelings as any one of my acquaintance, who always carried prussic acid about with him, in case, as he expressed it, of the worst coming to the worst. He gave as an example the finding himself in a burning house with no escape by the stairs or the window. Some people have scruples in opposing the malice of Fate under any circumstances, but I confess this seems to me a very justifiable method of escaping a dreadful doom.

Some say that an autocracy is the best form of government—provided, that is, that the autocrat is a good one. I am afraid this sort is scarce; at all events, to judge by the stories, old and new, told of her national life, Russia has not been so far fortunate. Never surely was a country depicted by its own writers in such hues of eclipse. Who ever rose from the perusal of a Russian novel without a feeling of depression? Some of them are excellent from a literary point of view, but the characters have a certain stiffness: like their political system, they lack freedom. Outside the Court and military circles the note is pessimistic. The people take their pleasures sadly, as we English were once said to do; they are rarely happy unless they are drunk. Even when the tales are not of a Nihilist type there is a great deal too much about the police.

A Professor in the current *Forum* expresses a very high opinion of the Russian novel. Tolstoi is the god of his literary idolatry, whom he worships in the long-established manner by throwing stones at all other gods. "After having finished 'Ivan Ilyitch,' he says: 'I absolutely began to develop the symptoms of that mysterious malady which killed the unheroic hero of that extraordinary novel.' Let us hope this extraordinary sensitiveness of the Professor will remain peculiar to himself. It will be a dreadful thing for the confirmed novel-reader if he becomes liable to catch the hero's ailments, and especially the heroine's—it is she who generally dies of a pulmonary disease or has her ravishing beauty destroyed by the ravages of the small-pox. During the perusal of a novel of humble life one might astonish one's medical man by developing housemaid's knee. The disease caught by the Professor at second-hand seems to have been of rather a malignant type, for in order to magnify the genius of his favourite novelist, he attacks all his popular rivals. "How utterly flimsy and juvenile romantic fiction, such as Stevenson's tales of villainous wreckers and buccaneers, Haggard's chronicles of battle, murder, and sudden death, Conan Doyle's accounts of swaggering savagery and sickening atrocities, and S. R. Crockett's sanguinary records of Scotch marauding expeditions appear to me compared with Tolstoi's wonderfully vivid and masterly transcripts of the life we all live!" If this is criticism let us by all means have log-rolling in place of it. More curious even than its absence of good taste is its total want of comparison. One can hardly conceive any person acquainted with the literature of fiction lumping these authors together.

The *Times* had the other day a curious account of the prices given for choice wines at a recent sale, but it is doubtful whether the sums that are now paid for them are larger than they used to be. The choicest, or at all events the rarest, wine that was ever sold was probably the pipe of Madeira known to connoisseurs as "the 1814 pipe." This famous wine, sold by auction in Paris as part of the effects of the Duchesse de Raguse, caused the greatest excitement. It was fished up in 1814 near Antwerp, where it had lain in the carcass of a ship wrecked at the mouth of the Scheldt in 1778. As soon as the discovery was made known Louis XVIII. dispatched an agent to secure the wine. A share of it was given to the French Consul, who had assisted in its recovery, and thus it came into the cellars of the Duc de Raguse. Only forty-four bottles were remaining, which were sold, literally for their weight in gold, to Rothschild.

In old times people did not, I think, boast so much about their wines, probably because they were all round more genuine. A certain Lord Chancellor, indeed, laid it down that "there is no such thing as bad port; only some port is better than others"; but he was not speaking in his judicial capacity. There was a good deal of good port in those days, though some folks preferred it to be doctored. Lord Palmerston tells us that when his grandfather, Lord Pembroke, gave a dinner-party he used to say, "There, gentlemen, is my champagne, my claret, etc. I am no great judge, and I give you this on the authority of my wine-merchant; but I can answer for my port, for I made it myself." The following is the veritable recipe which Lord Pembroke adopted: "Eight gallons of genuine port wine, forty gallons of cider, brandy to fill the hogshead. Elder drops will give it the proper roughness, and cochineal whatever strength of colouring you please. The quantity made should not be less than a hogshead. It should be kept fully two years in cask and as long in bottle before it is used."

"THE SPARROW HATH FOUND AN HOUSE."

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

"The birds in Norfolk are dying by thousands," said a writer in the *Times* recently. As the old woman said of the most awful and momentous event in the history of the world, "Well, let's hope it isn't true." It can't be true of some districts even in the county of Norfolk; for to my certain knowledge there are a dozen or so of parishes hereabouts where, during this late dreadful weather, good kind Christian people have been doing a great deal to feed the birds and keep them alive. Nay; I know of one parish where the birds have got so seriously demoralised that they decline to go far afield to earn an honest livelihood, and are on the highway to turn up their noses at slugs and worms—if you don't like the expression *noses*, by all means call them *beaks*—expecting to have cooked victuals supplied them with appropriate sauces.

As for us in Skeorn's Inga, we, too, do a little to keep our feathered friends fat and well liking, and we were very proud a few days ago to hear that a little maiden, who was driving past our gate and stopped on the road to watch the flock of feathered fowl gobbling up their four o'clock tea, had gone home sorrowing and full of envy. "Mother," she said, "our blackbirds aren't half as fat as theirs. Why can't we have fat birds too?" Moreover, I rejoice to be able to report that the fashion is coming in among us in our neighbourhood of "going in for bird-feeding," and the result is that the sentiment of gentle pity and tenderness towards the very sparrows, not to speak of their more attractive and deserving congeners, is becoming a softening and elevating influence among even the poor and needy people, who know what the difficulty is of picking up a livelihood.

We have family prayers in this establishment, and Theodora and Deborah and Xanthippe have a seat in the window; and when they bend the knee to Him who feeds the young ravens that call upon Him, they look out upon the lawn, and sometimes they think of heaven. The other morning there was much restlessness, almost bordering upon profane excitement. The worship being over, the stately Deborah lost her usual self-control—"Oh, Ma'am! did you see the moorhens?" The creatures had been daintily marching after their wont under the very eyes of the maidens, who from that moment lost their hearts to the birds. Since then the feathered fowl have been having a glorious time of it, and the flocks that haunt the lawn are a sight to see. I did not think there were a dozen blackbirds in the whole parish two months ago. Now you may see twenty of them feeding at once on a single patch of grass that has been swept for them, and the battles they fight with the starlings, and the pranks they play, and the insolent demeanour that they exhibit towards the smaller winged creatures that congregate, are an endless amusement and wonder to us all. There is a blackbird with only one leg that will not venture in the front of the house—he haunts the back door. But, alas! We have missed our one-legged robin, that has been the familiar of the yard and had the run of the back kitchen for four or five years past. The fatness of the birds—the actual obesity of some of them—is marvellous. I really am inclined to attribute it to some chemical action exercised upon the food provided for them in a great Doulton bowl, which, when it is tapped with the iron spoon, rings out like a bell. One friend was quite scandalised at our using such a splendid receptacle, and called it *waste*. "Friend," I said, "you wouldn't mind making pap for a dozen babies in that bowl. Yet babies are much more common than birds. *Detur rariori*, say I." Keeping a big Doulton bowl on a high shelf for fools to stare at seems to me worse waste than feeding the finches and the thrushes out of it.

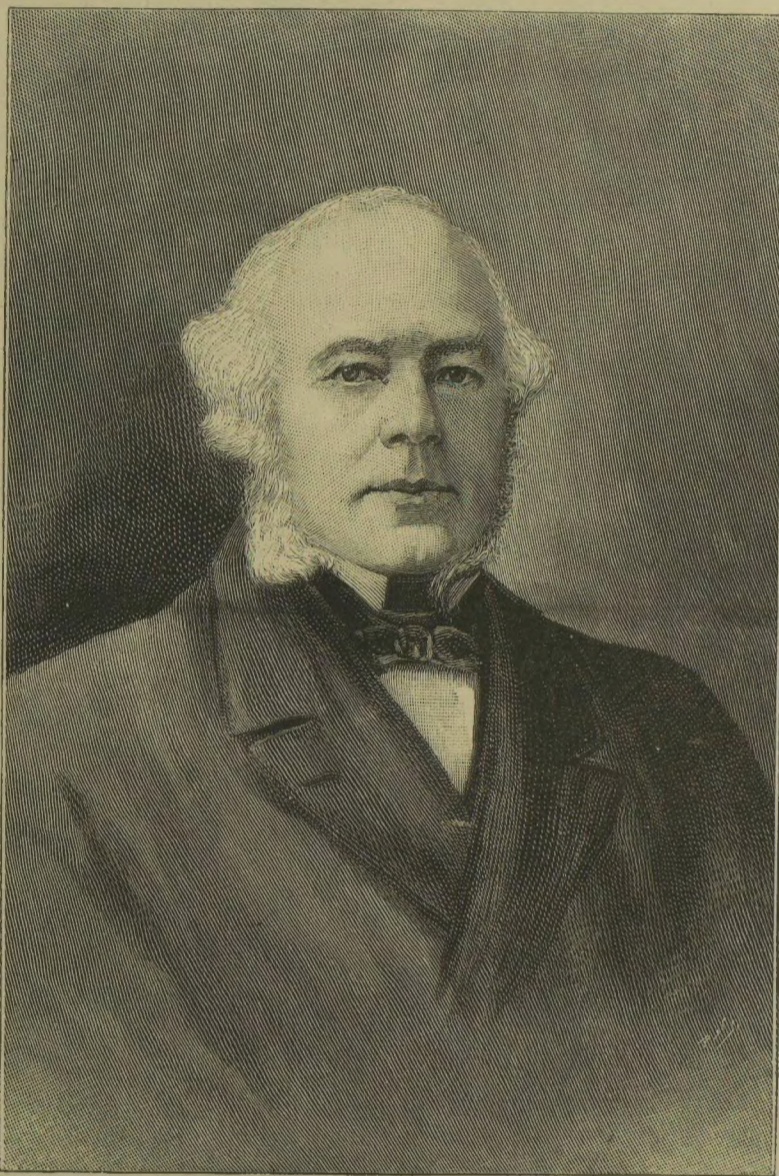
This, however, is all by the way. Last autumn I saw a real birds' house, and the house has a history. It is to be found at Tours, and the common belief is that when Quentin Durward was at Tours—you surely are not such a Philistine as to doubt that?—the house was standing then as it stands now, No. 18, Rue Briçonnet. Also that it was built by that black-hearted villain with the homicidal mania, Tristan l'Hermite, right-hand man of King Louis XI. All that is moonshine. The house dates from a period at least a generation later than the death of the infamous provost. Who built this house at Tours nobody can tell us, but it is certain that it was not Tristan l'Hermite. It is a brick edifice with stone facings, a house of three storeys surmounted by a high graduated gable, which is pierced with two windows. It is the gable of the house that had for me its great interest and attraction. This gable, facing the street, has the appearance at first sight of having been riddled by shot a long time ago; but on closer examination it is clear that the bricks were arranged as they are with a definite object. That object is neither more nor less than this: to afford shelter for sparrows and other small birds against the wind and the rain, and a home for them where they might make their nests and rear their young. Nor is this all, for near every little hole there is an iron perch for the birds to light on and sing their songs or chirp their chirps if they are so minded. There is no way of getting at these birds' homes except by a very high ladder, for there is the thickness of the wall between the birds and the inhabitants of the house, and if the modern Frenchman does contrive to massacre the poor little winged refugees, and put them in a pie, so much the greater shame for him. There was a time, at any rate, when a good citizen of Tours built a sanctuary for the birds of the air, and in Paradise I should like to shake hands with that good man and tell him how in this naughty world,

which is on the way to become a birdless world, my heart went out to him, the gentle unknown, who built the house where the sparrow might lay her young, and look in from her perch outside upon her open-mouthed fledgelings.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE LORD ABERDARE.

A fine specimen of the useful public man was the Right Hon. Sir Henry Austin Bruce, G.C.B., first Lord Aberdare, who died on Feb. 25, a few weeks within the attainment of his eightieth birthday. He was the second son of the late Mr. J. B. Pryce, who changed his name to Bruce, and was born at Duffryn, Glamorganshire. After six years in France, where he became expert in the language, he was educated at Swansea Grammar School. He was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn, and practised until his appointment in 1847 as stipendiary magistrate for Merthyr Tydvil and Aberdare. From 1852 to 1868 he represented Merthyr in the Liberal interest, and soon showed his aptitude in Parliamentary matters. He was Under-Secretary for the Home Department, and in 1864 became Minister of Education. In addition, he readily assumed the additional offices of Charity Commissioner and a Church Estates Commissioner. In 1868 he was appointed Home Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Government,



THE LATE RIGHT HON. HENRY AUSTIN BRUCE, FIRST LORD ABERDARE.

and re-entered the House as M.P. for Renfrewshire. His Licensing Bill, a forerunner of such legislation, was defeated. It was the first striking advance in licensing reform. It was notable at the time, though it seems inoffensive enough now, for it related mainly to the hours of public-house closing. It was denounced by the publicans as a gross infraction of their liberties, though nobody complains now of restrictions which are necessary to public order, especially in the great towns. His credit was more than restored by the passing of the Mines Regulation Act, 1872. Mr. Bruce was raised to the peerage in 1873, and became Lord President of the Council for the brief remaining period in which the Government existed. Since then Lord Aberdare interested himself in the less controversial questions of the day. He presided over the now defunct Social Science Congress in 1875, and laboured unweariedly in the cause of Welsh education. It was a fitting and much-appreciated tribute which was paid to him when he was elected first Chancellor of the newly constituted University of Wales. At the historic little meeting last year at the Privy Council Office the Prime Minister alluded in graceful terms to the long services of Lord Aberdare, which had seen their consummation that day. He was extremely punctilious and industrious, qualities which were exemplified on the numerous Commissions of which he was a member. He was Chairman of the Aged Poor Commission, whose report has just been signed. Lord Aberdare understood the duties of chairman as well as any man in public life, and his genial manner disarmed criticism and saved time and temper. He was extremely fond of geography, and was elected President of the Royal Geographical Society. He was sworn a member of the Privy Council in 1864. The Athenæum Club has lost in him one of its most regular habitués. In

the House of Lords he seldom spoke, though he was always heard with respect. He edited "The Life of General Sir William Napier," and published various important speeches by himself, notably that delivered on the second reading of the Education of the Poor Bill in 1867. Few men knew the Poor Law with greater accuracy or desired to interpret it with more kindly sympathy. Lord Aberdare was twice married, and three sons and eight daughters survive him. He succeeded in the peerage by the Hon. Henry Campbell Bruce, who is forty-three years of age.

THE KHEDIVE'S WEDDING.

There has been lately quite a fierce light beating upon the young Khedive of Egypt. In the midst of a more or less serious crisis Abbas signed marriage contracts on Feb. 19 with Ikbal Hanem, the Circassian slave who had borne him a son in the previous week. The formal signing of the documents took place at the Koubbeh Palace, and constitutes marriage. The royal bridegroom will be twenty-one years old in July. There has naturally been plenty of interest in Cairo, such as our Artist has depicted on the frontispiece. There has been a certain amount of disappointment at the Khedive's selection of a wife, as it had been expected that his Highness would not have continued the patriarchal custom of his country. Nothing is said about the visit which, it was rumoured, he had been invited to pay to this country during 1895. The Khedive intimated to Lord Cromer his intention of reviewing the British army in the occupation of Cairo, and this is taken as a sign that the latest crisis has passed.

MONTEVIDEO'S FASHIONABLE PROMENADE.

Montevideo, like every other city, has its fashionable hour when Society chooses to display its wealth and beauty. There is a short promenade, hardly exceeding one hundred yards, where on a sunny afternoon you may see the fairest faces in Montevideo to the best advantage. Our Illustration depicts a typical procession passing the door of the Uruguay Club.

FOOTBALL AT GIBRALTAR.

There is keen interest taken in Association football at Gibraltar, the Governor's Cup, open to all the troops in the Garrison, proving an incentive to the contending teams. This season it has been awarded to the 2nd Battalion of the East Lancashire Regiment. The teams which entered for the cup were the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers (2), the Medical Staff Corps, 2nd Battalion East Lancashire Regiment (2), 1st Battalion Middlesex Regiment, and 2nd Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps. The last-named was the winning team last season, but was defeated this time by the second team of the 2nd Battalion of the East Lancashire Regiment.

THE WEATHER: SCENES ON THE THAMES, SERPENTINE, AND ISIS.

Every neighbourhood has been displaying lately its own special "winter effects." Barometers and thermometers have been read as diligently as the daily paper, and the compilers of local history have proudly added another page of records about the severe cold. Wherever possible, events have taken place as extraordinary as the weather. For instance, there has been, as shown in one of our Illustrations, coaching on the Isis. Not that "coaching" with which undergraduates are familiar, nor the coaching connected with the historic Boat Race, but the driving of a coach and six on the river Isis. Mr. James Porter, who four years ago drove his coach and four down mid-stream, repeated this feat three or four times recently. His horses were specially shod with steel-spiked shoes. The Mayor of Oxford was a passenger on one of the occasions. This pleasurable and unusual experience caused as much interest and excitement as if all the passengers had been on a switchback. The roasting of an ox on other rivers pales its ineffectual fire before such an incident. On the Serpentine, during the frost, it was an ordinary sight to see at least ten thousand skaters enjoying themselves on ice which was six-and-a-half inches thick. The distress among the poor is acknowledged, by competent judges, to be extraordinary. An increase of 27,346 persons in the metropolis under relief on the last day of the first week in February, as compared with the same period in 1894, was recorded by the Local Government Board.

Thousands of gulls have been driven inland by hunger, and have provided a picturesque evidence of the extreme cold by their hovering round the London bridges. The birds have readily taken food from the hands of those who thoughtfully provided it for them. It has been a beautiful sight to see them, as in one of our Illustrations, circling round Cleopatra's Needle, and then resting on the barges and boats at the riverside.

HENRIK LINDAHL, CHAMPION SKATER.

The winner of the English Championship at the International Meeting, under the rules of the National Skating Association, which was decided on Feb. 5, is Henrik Lindahl. He defeated the redoubtable James Smart at the Welsh Harp, the respective times for the one-mile open international race being 3 min. 21.5 sec. and 3 min. 11.25 sec. Lindahl was born twenty-five years ago at Gjøvik, in Central Norway, and is now domiciled in England. He won at Swavesley a two-miles professional race, skating 136 yards less than two miles in 5 min. 46.4-5 sec., again defeating Smart. He is a very graceful skater and favours the oval course.



THE FASHIONABLE PROMENADE IN MONTEVIDEO: OUTSIDE THE CLUB URUGUAYO.

Sergt. Spicer (Trainer). Sergt. Parker (Right Back). Pte. Entwistle (Goal). Pte. Everett (Reserve). Pte. Ward (Left Back). Lieut. Tweedie (Hon. Sec. and Linesman).
Pte. Tobin (Right Half-Back). Pte. Bryce (Centre Half-Back). Pte. Harwood (Left Half-Back).



Corpl. Lewis (Outside Right). Pte. McGuinness (Inside Right). Lieut. Wethered, Captain (Centre). Pte. Chalmers (Inside Left). Pte. Murray (Outside Left).

FOOTBALL AT GIBRALTAR: THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE EAST LANCASHIRE REGIMENT, WINNERS OF THE GOVERNOR'S CUP.

Photo by Druson, Gibraltar.



THE FROZEN THAMES: SEAGULLS CIRCLING ROUND CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

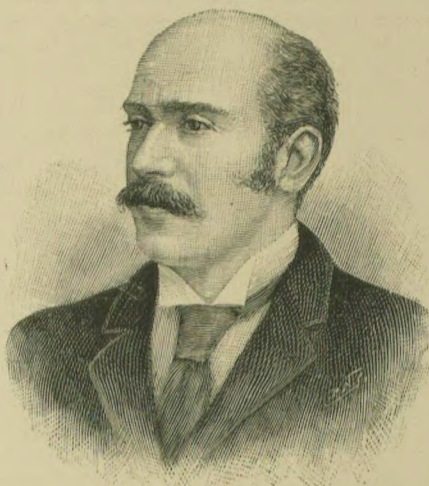
PERSONAL.

The fifty-second member of Parliament to enter St. Stephen's since the General Election is Sir Weetman Pearson, Bart., who was chosen by Colchester, on Feb. 19, to replace Captain Naylor-Leyland as its representative. The circumstances attending the resignation of Captain Naylor-Leyland, who had sat as Conservative member for the oyster borough since 1892, undoubtedly assisted the winning of the seat for the Liberal party, as the gallant Captain notified his sympathy with the Government's intentions as regards the House of Lords. Sir Weetman Pearson also had the great advantage of having previously contested the borough, while his Conservative opponent, Captain Vereker, was not very well known in the locality. The new M.P. is a son of the late Mr. George Pearson, of Brickendonbury, Herts, and is thirty-eight years old. He was educated privately. His firm, Pearson and Son, has undertaken several important contracts, notably that of the Blackwall Tunnel, and as a "captain of industry" he was created a baronet last year. Sir Weetman married, in 1881, Anne, daughter of Mr. John Cass, of Bradford, a lady who was indefatigable as a speaker and worker at her husband's election. He has a delightful country seat, Paddocks Hurst, in Sussex, whereat Mr. Whitehead, the torpedo inventor, used to reside.

The nomination by the Crown of Bishop Knight-Bruce to the vicarage of Bovey-Tracey, Devon, is altogether unimpeachable. It is true that he has served only eight years in the mission field; but they have been years of toil, hardship, and danger. The cause of civilisation in South Africa owes the Bishop a deep debt of gratitude: he never spared himself, and his unflinching devotion made him very popular with the natives. Particularly was this seen during the Matabili War. He acted with the greatest courage and kindness, taking care of the wounded and soothing their sufferings as far as he was able. Shortly afterwards his health gave way and he came to England to recruit, when it was found that his constitution had become so impaired that it was impossible for him to return to South Africa. He accordingly resigned his position in October of last year. His first curacy was at Bibury, in Gloucestershire, and he subsequently served a Cornish parish. His experience at St. George's, Everton, Liverpool, and later at St. Andrew's, Bethnal Green, brought him into touch with many aspects of City life. It is believed that, in addition to holding the living of Bovey-Tracey, he will act as assistant Bishop in the diocese of Exeter.

Some people, describing themselves as students of history, seem to be greatly exercised by Lord Acton's appointment as Regius Professor of History at Cambridge. One of them takes it for granted that, as a Catholic, Lord Acton will ignore the "centuries of Papal misrule." It happens that the new Professor is perhaps the greatest living authority on the whole history of the Popes. Another malcontent believes that if a Catholic were to denounce St. Thomas à Becket's cruelty to heretics in the year 1166, he would incur the wrath of Rome. It would be quite as rational to suggest that Lord Acton will carefully avoid any reference to St. Bartholomew. Perhaps we shall next be told that the Cambridge Professor is not English enough because, owing to a remarkable ancestry, he is a Duke in France, a Count in Germany, and something equally dignified in Italy. Lord Acton, in fact, belongs to one of the oldest families in Europe, and positively teems with lore which, as those who know him assert, he has lavished on many books that have appeared under the names of other people.

By the death of the Licensor of Plays, Mr. Edward F. Smyth Pigott, another interesting link with the past is broken, and a man deservedly popular and esteemed is lost to us. The third son of John Hugh Smyth Pigott, of Brockley Hall, near Bristol, Mr. Pigott was educated for the most part at his home, The Grove, near Uphill and Bream Down, a delightful old house on the shores of the Bristol Channel. He went up to Balliol College, Oxford, in 1845, and, after taking a pass degree, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1851. Journalism, however, had more attractions for him

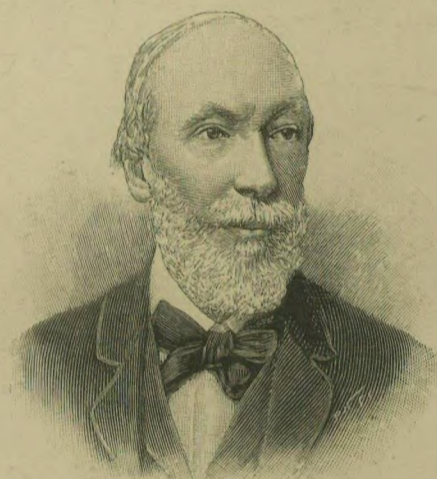


SIR W. D. PEARSON, BART., M.P. FOR COLCHESTER.

than the law, and circumstances had brought him into contact with a group of young and advanced thinkers of the time who could find no outlet for their opinions. Mr. Pigott, who had some private means, was induced to furnish funds for starting a journal called the *Leader*, which had at least the result of startling a good many staid old Whigs. Mr. G. H. Lewes, under the pseudonym of "Slingsby Laurence," wrote the dramatic criticisms. Whitty, Aspinall, J. McLennan, and others were among the contributors; but although brilliantly written, the tone of the *Leader* was too aggressive for well-to-do readers of those days, although its articles would sound very Conservative if read nowadays. The paper, however, brought Mr. Pigott into contact with George Eliot—whose intimate friend he remained during her life—as well as with the group of writers who in those days supported the *Westminster Review*. If anyone's reminiscences were worth writing, they were assuredly E. F. S. Pigott's. On his little yacht, in which he cruised about the English and Bristol Channels, he received not only a number of those writers of distinction of whom time has preserved the names and works, but others not less brilliant, who shot like meteors across the literary sky and disappeared.

The *Leader* was not a financial success, and after three or four years' struggle was abandoned. The yacht had also to be given up, and Mr. Pigott found himself obliged to take to journalism as a means of livelihood. He was an excellent classical scholar and a thorough master of French—rarer in those days than now—besides being well versed in German and Italian literature. He soon found work on the *Daily News* and the *Globe*, and for many years he wrote for both journals. In the meanwhile, his acquaintance with men of letters at home and abroad had increased so much that he was equally at home in the literary circles of Paris as of London. In 1873 the secretaryship to the Royal Academy became vacant, and Mr. Pigott was put forward and warmly supported for the post by a number of influential persons. He was not selected, but in the following year the more congenial post of Examiner of Plays was vacated by the retirement of Mr. Bodham Donne; it was promptly offered to Mr. Pigott by the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sydney. During the twenty years he held this delicate post, Mr. Pigott had seen a very extraordinary change in a development of public taste in dramatic matters, and in his duties of censor he had to keep careful watch upon the flow of popular likings and dislikings.

France has lost in M. Auguste Vacquerie one of her wittiest knights of the pen. He was born in 1819, at



THE LATE M. AUGUSTE VACQUERIE.

Villequier, Normandy, and commenced his journalistic career at an early age. Before the fall of the Empire, he started the *Rappel*, a Radical newspaper which he edited until his death. He published various volumes of verse, and wrote more than one play. He was Victor Hugo's great

friend and companion in exile. His brother, it may be recollected, married the famous novelist's daughter, and sacrificed his life after an unsuccessful attempt to rescue her from drowning. M. Auguste Vacquerie died on Feb. 19. It was indeed unfortunate that an acute attack of bronchitis incapacitated Mr. August Manns on Saturday, Feb. 23, from conducting at the Crystal Palace Concerts. For Mr. Frederic Cowen, who took Mr. Manns's place, scarcely proved himself in close touch with his orchestra, and one missed indeed the familiar vigour and fire of the elder conductor. The concert began with an overture by Gade, founded—miserable foundation!—on the "poems" of Ossian. The music, however, probably had very little to do with Macpherson's literature, although we cannot commend it very heartily. It is a powerful work in moments; but it is too often monotonous, and generally pretentious. Fräulein Erna Gelber sang a brilliant Flotow not very brilliantly. She joined Miss Florence Christie in the evening prayer from "Hänsel und Gretel"; and for a third effort she sang the famous Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with correctness at least. Mr. Frederick Dawson took the piano in a concerto by Scharwenka, and took it not very sympathetically. He has movement, but it is heavy; quickness, but it is running rather than flying. The concert concluded with a tolerable performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

On Monday, Feb. 25, Herr Joachim made his reappearance at the Monday Popular Concerts, at which he will continue to appear without intermission until the end of the season. He was received with enthusiasm and an emotion that approached even the sentiment of affection. The piece with which the concert opened was Schubert's very charming Quartet in D minor, in the andante of which Herr Joachim played with all the exquisite tenderness and depth of feeling which distinguish his art so greatly. Otherwise he did not give himself much chance of shining. He refused an encore with some deliberateness; and he contented himself with—as an example of his separate art—playing a somewhat recent Brahms in concert with Mr. Leonard Borwick, a work of no particularly glorious merit. Mr. Borwick, in some harpsichord pieces by Scarlatti, proved himself an admirable artist. For dainty, light-fingered music, it would not be easy to find his equal among English pianists, although that would, perhaps, not be saying a great deal. Miss Kate Cove sang

with some sweetness and freshness a Handel and Spohr's "Rose Softly Blooming."

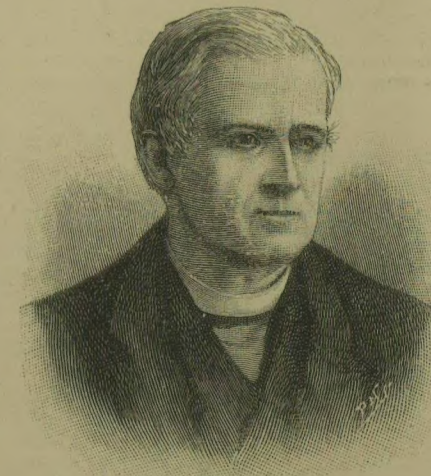
Mr. John Whitaker Hulke, who had been President of the Royal College of Surgeons since 1893, died on Feb. 19, aged sixty-four. He had a brief attack of bronchopneumonia, caused, it is stated, by a chill caught during an urgent visit paid to the Middlesex Hospital at an early hour. Mr. Hulke was the elder son of a Deal surgeon, who attended the Duke of Wellington in his fatal illness. Old readers of this Journal

will recall an engraving which appeared in 1852, depicting the great Duke with Messrs. Hulke—father and son—standing near him. The late surgeon, whose death we have to-day to record, was educated at King's College School, thereafter acquiring a sound knowledge of German in Germany. He entered King's College medical school at the age of nineteen; he was for a year surgeon at Smyrna, and next at Sebastopol during the Crimean War. Returning to England he became a Fellow of the College of Surgeons in 1857, and was appointed assistant-surgeon to King's College Hospital, gaining next year a similar office at Moorfields Eye Hospital. He had always been attracted by ophthalmic surgery, and in this field he became distinguished.

In 1862 Mr. Hulke was appointed assistant surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, ophthalmic surgeon three years later, and full staff surgeon in 1870. He became in 1879 senior surgeon to this institution, in which his interest only ceased with his death, and held lectureships on physiology, practical surgery, and surgery. The Royal Society elected him a Fellow in 1866. Various improvements in operations for cataract were advocated by Mr. Hulke, to the ultimate advantage of those who would "purge from the sightless eyeball" that mist which veils all things from the blind. Mr. Hulke was an expert artist, a good fisherman, a geologist who attained to the presidency of the Geological Society, and a botanist with wide knowledge. His funeral on Feb. 23 at Deal and the memorial service at St. James's, Piccadilly, were striking testimonies to the esteem in which he was held in his birthplace and by his colleagues in the profession he adorned.

For a few years the Zoological Society's Gardens have been a giraffe-less waste. This reproach is, however, now permanently removed, for a fine example of this rare beast has just been purchased. The first giraffes which ever came to London came in the early thirties, their arrival being accurately chronicled in the recently published *Life of Sir Richard Owen*. Some of those individuals proved to be the fertile mothers of families; but not long since the last survivor died at an advanced old age. The present animal comes from Portuguese territory, and appears to belong to a distinct variety of the beast, which is slightly different from the more familiar giraffe. The first giraffes that came marched in solemn procession from Blackwall; this animal came by train in a more modern fashion. The difficulty presented by the bridges which infest the railway from Southampton was got over by an ingenious system of packing the animal. The journey cannot have been altogether pleasant to the giraffe; but she can console herself by the perfectly legitimate boast that she is at present the only giraffe in Europe.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Daniel Gilbert, D.D., who died on Feb. 18, from bronchitis, was a very useful and important personality in London Roman Catholic circles. He was Vicar-General and Provost of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster, and had been for forty years priest of St. Mary, Moorfields. He had intense, warm-hearted sympathy with the poor, and founded the Provident Night Refuge



THE LATE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR GILBERT.

and Home, which is his best memorial. A solemn Requiem for his soul was sung on Feb. 25, in the church where he had ministered so long. There were nearly three hundred clergy of the diocese present.

The very fine portrait of the late Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley which we were privileged to reproduce in our last issue was a copyright photograph by Mr. Frederick Hollyer, Pembroke Square, Kensington, of the picture by Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.



THE LATE MR. E. F. S. PIGOTT.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, since Wednesday, Feb. 20, has been at Windsor, accompanied by her daughters the Empress Frederick of Germany and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Lord Chancellor and Lady Herschell, General Lord Methuen and Lady Methuen, and Colonel Welby, of the Scots Greys, on his return from Russia, dined with her Majesty on Feb. 21. Duke Ernest Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Albany, and Earl and Countess Spencer visited the Queen; also, the Marquis of Ripon, with Lady Ripon, and Sir Mounstuart Grant-Duff. On Tuesday evening, Feb. 26, there was a private performance, by students of the Royal College of Music, of Leo Delibes' comic opera, "Le Roi l'a dit."

The Queen held an Investiture at Windsor Castle on Monday, Feb. 25, when the insignia of Knights or Companions of the Bath, of the Star of India, and of St. Michael and St. George were given by her Majesty to several gentlemen upon whom those honours are conferred. The Marquis of Breadalbane, Lord Steward, Lord Carrington, the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Cork, Master of the Horse, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Dowager Lady Southampton, and other members of the royal household, were in attendance.

The Prince of Wales left England on Saturday, Feb. 23, for Cannes, where he has joined his yacht, the *Britannia*, for a cruise in the Mediterranean. His Royal Highness has visited Nice. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, has gone to Sandringham.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on Monday, Feb. 25, opened the new buildings of the Streatham and Brixton Hill High School for Girls, in Wyatt Road, Brixton Hill. Next day, Princess Adolphus of Teck, accompanied by her husband, opened a school at Leeds.

Several Cabinet Ministers, Lord Rosebery, Mr. John Morley, Mr. H. H. Fowler, also Mr. A. J. Balfour, Lord George Hamilton, and other leading members of the Opposition, have been laid up with influenza.

The London County Council, whose three years' term of office now expires, held its last weekly meeting on Tuesday, Feb. 26, at the County Hall in Spring Gardens, St. James's Park, Sir John Hutton in the chair. It was stated that the new rate for the year 1895-96, if based on the estimate now prepared, would be fifteenpence in the pound for the county outside the City of London, being an increase of one penny in the pound over that of the preceding year; and for the City of London the rate would be twelpence and a fraction of a penny. The amount payable to the Council from Exchequer contributions had diminished from £1,097,000 in the preceding year to £1,015,000. Thanks were voted to the Chairman and others.

The elections for the new London County Council on Saturday, March 2, are regarded with the greatest interest. The nominations of the candidates took place on Friday, Feb. 22. The electoral divisions are the City of London, Westminster, the Strand, Holborn, the two divisions of Marylebone, Finsbury (East and West), four divisions of Islington, North and South Paddington, four divisions of St. Pancras, St. George's, Hanover Square, Kensington (North and South), Chelsea, Hampstead, Fulham, Hammersmith, three divisions of Hackney, Bethnal Green in two divisions, Hoxton, Haggerston, Newington, Whitechapel, Mile End, Poplar, Stepney, St. George's-in-the-East, Limehouse, Bow and Bromley, Southwark, Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Walworth, Camberwell (North), Peckham and Dulwich, Deptford, Greenwich, Woolwich, Lewisham, North Lambeth, Kennington, Brixton, Battersea, Wandsworth, Clapham, Norwood, each returning two members of the London County Council, but the City returning four. These seats are contested by 114 "Moderates," who are mostly Conservatives or Liberal Unionists in politics, and by an equal number of "Progressives," who are supporters of the policy of the late County Council during the past three years, and who also, for the most part, are adherents of the present Liberal or Gladstonian Ministry in Parliament. There are, besides, twelve "Independent" candidates and six "Labour" candidates, not attached to any political party. Among those nominated and actively soliciting election are men of the highest social rank—peers of the realm, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Durham, the Earl of Dudley, Earl Cadogan, Earl Russell, the Earl of Donoughmore, the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Amptill, Lord Churchill, Lord Carrington, Lord Ribblesdale, Lord Mountmorres, several baronets, members of the House of Commons, magistrates, merchants and manufacturers, barristers and solicitors. This contest has not a plebeian or petty parochial character.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., in a letter to the chairman of the metropolitan committee of the Unionist party engaged in the London County Council election, declares that the majority of the existing Council have turned it from a beneficial institution for local government into an agency for influencing the course of imperial legislation, and that this unhappy experiment must be prevented in future.

The opening on Saturday, Feb. 23, of the noble gardens, seven acres and a quarter, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, as a place of public recreation, is a gratifying event. This good boon to all Londoners in the West Central district and within a mile eastward, a busy population seldom at leisure to reach the parks, has been gained for them by the London County Council, at the small cost of £13,000, by an agreement with the trustees for the Society of Lincoln's Inn. Sir John Hutton, the Chairman, speaking at the gate ceremony, which was performed by his daughter with an inexpensive key, letting in hundreds of happy children, stated that the total area of free and open spaces for walking, resting, and breathing in London has been enlarged by the addition of twelve hundred acres in six years past. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Lord Carrington, Lord Monkswell, and other persons of note were present.

The House of Commons Committee, presided over by the Right Hon. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Secretary of State for War, upon alleged exceptional distress from want of employment, has held its sittings in the past week. The

chief statistical and official testimony has been given by Sir Hugh Owen, Secretary to the Local Government Board, which has obtained replies from Boards of Guardians all over the country to a circular asking for information. Except in London, where the numbers of people wanting poor-law relief have increased week after week during the winter, the amount of distress indicated by pauperism has been less than it was in the corresponding period of the year a twelvemonth ago. Out-door relief is given to able-bodied adults in case of destitution, with regard to the families dependent upon them; but one-half the value of what is granted must be in the shape of food. Since 1867 the number of indoor pauper inmates of the workhouses has in London been augmented from 29,000 to 66,000, while the administration of out-door relief has been reduced from 72,000 cases to 37,000. In the opinion of Sir Hugh Owen, the existing law gives to the Guardians all the powers they require to afford relief, and the municipal authorities have likewise all the powers necessary for dealing with distress by employing men in useful works, such as drainage or street-cleansing. The Guardians, however, cannot acquire land beyond what may be used to employ the inmates of a workhouse. They would have a difficulty in working such schemes, and he did not see how State aid could be given in particular districts. He thought it would not be safe to make any alteration of the law. The next witness, Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., producing reports from local committees of his association in different towns of Great Britain, made out that there are not far short of 1,750,000 unemployed, and demanded a Treasury grant of £100,000 to maintain them for the next six weeks.

The inquest held by the Suffolk County coroner at Lowestoft, on the ten dead persons come ashore from the

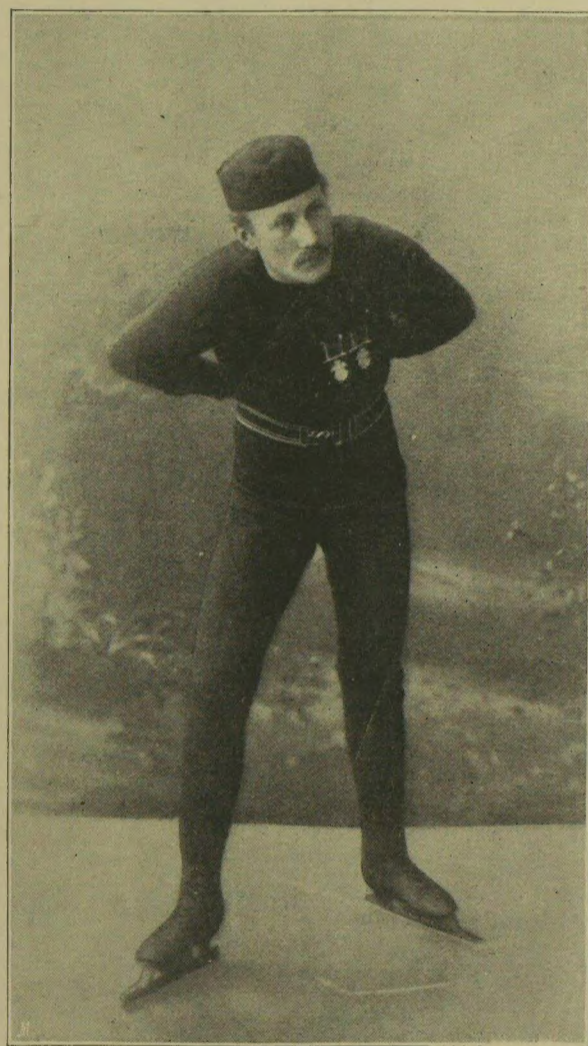


Photo by Hilda Tulin.
HENRIK LINDAHL, CHAMPION SKATER,
WINNER OF THE ENGLISH SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP.
See "Our Illustrations."

sinking of the German Atlantic steamer *Elbe* on Jan. 30, was resumed on Tuesday, Feb. 26. The witnesses were Miss Anna Böcker, the only lady passenger saved, Mr. Robert Greenham, the pilot, and Captain Gordon, who commanded the Aberdeen steamer *Crathie*, which came into collision with the *Elbe*. He stated that he left the spot in the belief that the *Elbe* had got away safely, and that his own ship was greatly damaged.

Six men and two boys, the crew of a French fishing-smack which perished in a gale off Calais on Feb. 24, were drowned, not one of the crew being saved.

Foreign affairs do not much distract our attention just now. In Paris the Correctional Police Court has sentenced to imprisonment and moderate pecuniary fines six of the eight "gentlemen of the Press" convicted of extorting money by terror of the libels they were prepared to print, a practice there called "chantage" and here "black-mailing." The French Government is pushing on its transport of military stores to Madagascar, but the small force of marines landed at Tamatave has still to deal with renewed assaults made on its position by the Hovas who are well armed and drilled. There is also much disease among the French, caused by the want of fresh provisions, since all the neighbouring native market-gardens were laid waste by the improvident invaders.

The funeral of the Archduke Albrecht of Austria, an illustrious member of the Imperial House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, and eminent for his military ability, was solemnised on Tuesday, Feb. 26, at the Hofburg, Vienna, with tokens of respect from every Court in Europe. The German Emperor William II. came from Berlin to attend this ceremony, and as a visitor to the Emperor Francis Joseph, nephew of the deceased; the Duke of Aosta came as representative of King Humbert of Italy; the Russian

Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle to the Czar Nicholas II., was present; Prince George of Saxony, German Sovereign princes, and Marshal Martinez Campos, from Spain. On Feb. 23 the German Emperor was at a banquet of the members of the Diet or Provincial Assembly of Brandenburg, where he made a speech on the condition of the agricultural interest. His Majesty intends, in June, to open the newly constructed ship canal which connects the North Sea, near the Elbe, with the Baltic at Kiel. He has invited the Austrian and Russian Emperors, the King of Italy, and the Prince of Wales.

The Belgian Government has laid before the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies at Brussels a Bill to authorise the cession, to the Kingdom of Belgium, of the Congo Free State, by the company or association of which King Leopold II., in his personal capacity, is the president.

The Italian Minister of Public Works is attending, at Milan, a conference between the Swiss promoters of the Simplon Alpine tunnel and the engineers and contractors who are examining that project.

The Egyptian official opposition, encouraged possibly by the Khedive, to measures of reform advised by English political and administrative counsel, seems to be now in some degree relaxing. A decree was passed on Feb. 23 establishing a special tribunal at which the Minister of Justice presides, with one English and one native judge, and with the English Military Judge-Advocate, for the trial of crimes, assaults, and outrages perpetrated against British soldiers in Egypt.

The Royalist conspiracy and attempted insurrection against the Republican Government of Hawaii, or the Sandwich Islands, has been punished by sentences of fine and imprisonment on many persons. The ex-Queen Liliuokalani is sentenced to five years' detention and to pay five thousand dollars, but she may be pardoned if she will go away from the islands.

The Chinese troops in Manchuria, on the Hai-chow River, between Niuchuang and Ying-chow, again made an unsuccessful attack on the Japanese position on Feb. 21, but were repulsed by the artillery of General Nodzu. It is expected that the war in Eastern Asia will soon be terminated without any further great military or naval actions. The Chinese Grand Council of the Empire is consulting the provincial authorities upon the necessity of treating for peace; and Li-Hung-Chang has had an interview with the Emperor at Peking before going to negotiate terms of peace in Japan.

On the West Coast of Africa, among the different outlets of the Niger, but not in the territories of the Royal Niger Company, Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Consul-General administering the Protectorate exercised by the British Imperial Government, has had to contend with hostile negro tribes. These are chiefly the inhabitants of Nimbi, a large native town on the Brass river or creek, thirty miles up its course, where there is also the European trading settlement called Brass. They had made a raiding attack upon the settlement of Akassa, just a month before. On Feb. 20, aided by Rear-Admiral Sir F. G. D. Bedford, with H.M.S. *Thrush* and H.M.S. *Widgeon*, gun-boats, and with two steam-boats and two ships' boats well manned, Sir Claude Macdonald went up the river. Nimbi was bombarded, was next day captured by assault, and was completely destroyed, after some sharp fighting, in which Lieutenant G. H. Taylor, of H.M.S. *St. George*, and two British seamen were killed.

PARLIAMENT.

The fortune of war has given the Government a wholly unlooked-for advantage. Sir Henry James moved the adjournment of the House of Commons to call attention to the grievance of Lancashire cotton-spinners against the import duty imposed on their goods by the Indian Government. The member for Bury argued that this duty was contrary to the principles of Free Trade, and injurious to a very important industry in this country. Mr. Henry Fowler showed in reply that the duty was imposed for revenue only, like the tea duty in England; that it was necessary to save India from bankruptcy; that, to avoid any suspicion of Protection, the Indian Government had imposed a counter-vailing duty on Indian manufactured cotton goods, and that the necessity of the course taken by the Government had been admitted by the highest authorities without distinction of party. After this speech Mr. Goschen openly dissociated himself from Sir Henry James, and on the division Ministers had a majority of 195. It was subsequently discovered that, to escape from voting either way, Mr. Chamberlain had taken refuge in one of the places provided for various emergencies. The Speaker, whose attention was probably drawn to this incident, declined to express any opinion of Mr. Chamberlain's strategy. The debate on Sir Henry James's motion had the effect of postponing the introduction of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, which was explained on Feb. 25 in a short speech from the Home Secretary. Mr. Asquith excused this brevity on the ground that the House was already familiar with the provisions of the measure. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach announced that the Bill would be resisted by the Opposition at every stage on the ground that the connection between Church and State was essential to the well-being of both. Mr. Asquith had stated that the funds of the Church in Wales after disendowment would be devoted to what he described as "religious objects," such as the nursing of the sick poor. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach retorted that this was "nauseous cant." One member of the Opposition stigmatised the Bill as an attack upon Christianity. A resolution moved by Mr. Everett, calling upon the Government to co-operate with other Powers in an inquiry into the commercial disturbance caused by fluctuations in the relative values of gold and silver, was not opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, however, strongly inveighed against the theory of bimetalism. Private Bills have occupied a good deal of time in the House of Commons. A project promoted by the London County Council for the purchase of the property of the Lambeth Water Company was strongly combated, but eventually read a second time. The Glasgow Corporation Bill, which contains some remarkable provisions for the protection of domestic animals and the discouragement of card-playing, raised an amusing debate.



HER LORD AND MASTER: A SCENE IN A NORTH ALBANIAN HOUSE.



EVE'S RANSOM

BY GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

XVII.

Her accent of submission did not affect Hilliard as formerly; with a nervous thrill, he felt that she spoke as her heart dictated. In his absence Eve had come to regard him, if not with the feeling he desired, with something that resembled it; he read the change in her eyes. As they walked slowly away she kept nearer to him than of wont; now and then her arm touched his, and the contact gave him a delicious sensation. Askance he observed her figure, its graceful, rather languid, movement; to-night she had a new power over him, and excited a passion which made his earlier desires seem spiritless.

"One day more of Paris?" he asked softly.

"Wouldn't it be better—?" she hesitated in the objection.

"Do you wish to break the journey in London?"

"No; let us go straight on."

"To-morrow, then?"

"I don't think we ought to put it off. The holiday is over."

Hilliard nodded with satisfaction. An incident of the street occupied them for a few minutes, and their serious conversation was only resumed when they had crossed to the south side of the river, where they turned eastwards and went along the quays.

"Till I can find something to do," Eve said at length, "I shall live at Dudley. Father will be very glad to have me there. He wished me to stay longer."

"I am wondering whether it is really necessary for you to go back to your drudgery."

"Oh, of course it is," she answered quickly. "I mustn't be idle. That's the very worst thing for me. And how am I to live?"

"I have still plenty of money," said Hilliard, regarding her.

"No more than you will need."

"But think—how little more it costs for two than for one—"

He spoke in spite of himself, having purposed no such suggestion. Eve quickened her step.

"No, no, no! You have a struggle before you; you don't know what—"

"And if it would make it easier for me?—there's no real doubt about my getting on well enough—"

"Everything is doubtful." She spoke in a voice of agitation. "We can't see a day before us. We have arranged everything very well—"

Hilliard was looking across the river. He walked more and more slowly, and turned at length to stand by the parapet. His companion remained apart from him, waiting. But he did not turn towards her again, and she moved to his side.

"I know how ungrateful I must seem." She spoke without looking at him. "I have no right to refuse anything after all you—"

"Don't say that," he interrupted impatiently. "That's the one thing I shall never like to think of."

"I shall think of it always, and be glad to remember it—"

"Come nearer—give me your hand—"

Holding it, he drew her against his side, and they stood in silence looking upon the Seine, now dark beneath the clouding night.

"I can't feel sure of you," fell at length from Hilliard.

"I promise—"

"Yes; here, now, in Paris. But when you are back in that hell—"

"What difference can it make in me? It can't change what I feel now. You have altered all my life, my

thoughts about everything. When I look back, I don't know myself. You were right; I must have been suffering from an illness that affected my mind. It seems impossible that I could ever have done such things. I ought to tell you. Do you wish me to tell you everything?"

Hilliard spoke no answer, but he pressed her hand more tightly in his own.

"You knew of it from Patty, didn't you?"

"She told me as much as she knew that night when I waited for you in High Street. She said you were in danger, and I compelled her to tell all she could."

"I was in danger, though I can't understand now how it went so far as that. It was he who came to me with the

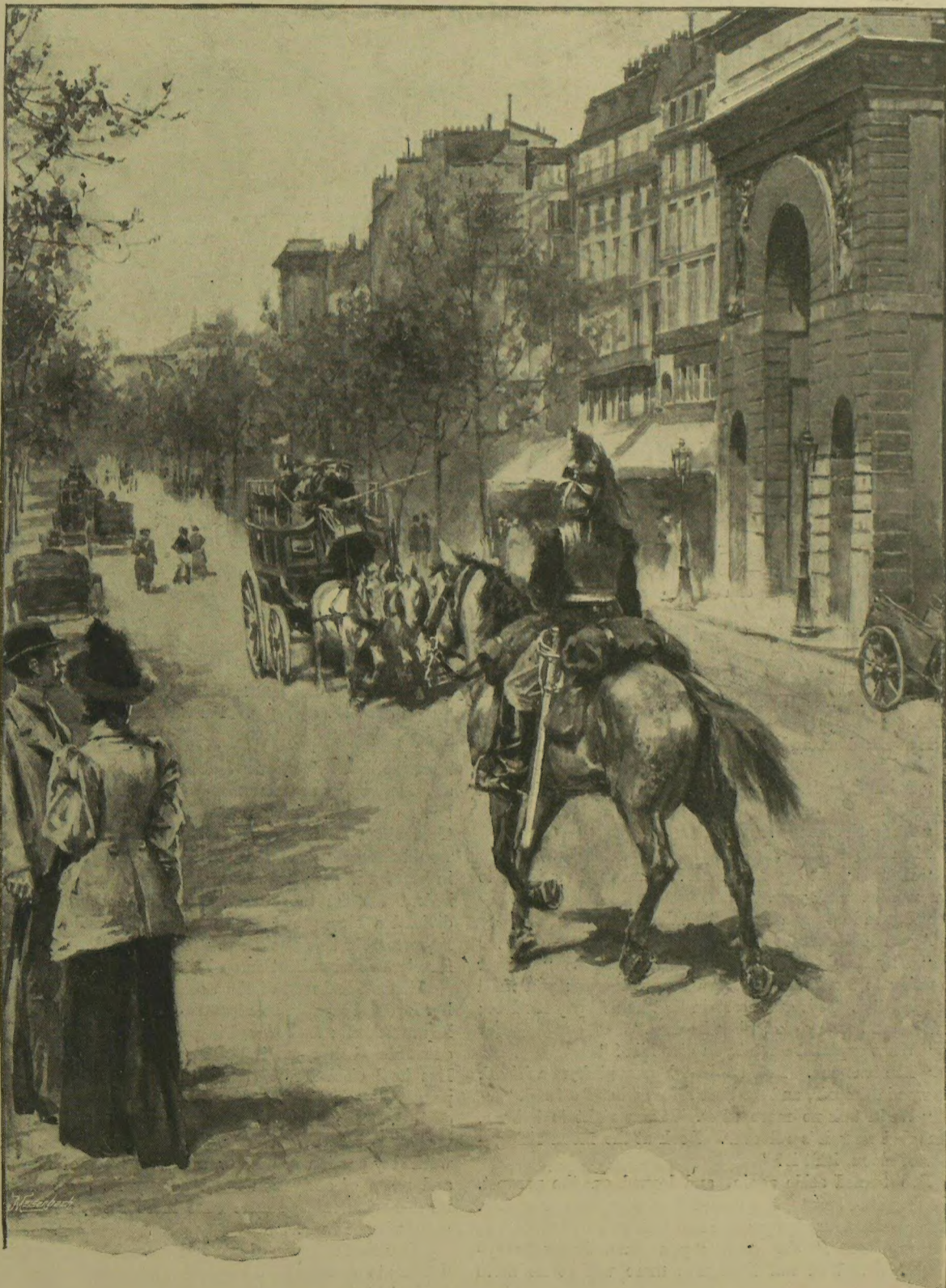
money, from the gentleman at Hampstead. That was how I first met him. The next day he waited for me when I came away from business."

"It was the first time that anything of that kind had happened?"

"The first time. And you know what the state of my mind was then. But to the end I never felt any—I never really loved him. We met and went to places together. After my loneliness—you can understand. But I distrusted him. Did Patty tell you why I left London so suddenly?"

"Yes."

"When that happened I knew my instinct had been



An incident of the street occupied them for a few minutes, and their serious conversation was only resumed when they had crossed to the south side of the river.

right from the first. It gave me very little pain, but I was ashamed and disgusted. He hadn't tried to deceive me in words; he never spoke of marriage; and from what I found out then, I saw that he was very much to be pitied."

"You seem to contradict yourself," said Hilliard. "Why were you ashamed and disgusted?"

"At finding myself in the power of such a woman. He married her when she was very young, and I could imagine the life he had led with her until he freed himself. A hateful woman!"

"Hateful to you, I see," muttered the listener, with something tight at his heart.

"Not because I felt anything like jealousy. You must believe me. I should never have spoken if I hadn't meant to tell you the simple truth."

Again he pressed her hand. The warmth of her body had raised his blood to fever-heat.

"When we met again, after I came back, it was by chance. I refused to speak to him, but he followed me all along the street, and I didn't know it till I was nearly home. Then he came up again, and implored me to hear what he had to say. I knew he would wait for me again in High Street, so I had no choice but to listen, and then tell him that there couldn't be anything more between us. And, for all that, he followed me another day. And again I had to listen to him."

Hilliard fancied that he could feel her heart beating against his arm.

"Be quick!" he said. "Tell all, and have done with it."

"He told me, at last, that he was ruined. His wife had brought him into money difficulties; she ran up bills that he was obliged to pay, and left him scarcely enough to live upon. And he had used money that was not his own—he would have to give an account of it in a day or two. He was trying to borrow, but no one would lend him half what he needed—"

"That's enough," Hilliard broke in, as her voice became inaudible.

"No, you ought to know more than I have told you. Of course he didn't ask me for money; he had no idea that I could lend him even a pound. But what I wish you to know is that he hadn't spoken to me again in the old way. He said he had done wrong, when he first came to know me; he begged me to forgive him that, and only wanted me to be his friend."

"Of course."

"Oh, don't be ungenerous: that's so unlike you."

"I didn't mean it ungenerously. In his position I should have done exactly as he did."

"Say you believe me. There was not a word of love between us. He told me all about the miseries of his life—that was all; and I pitied him so. I felt he was so sincere."

"I believe it perfectly."

"There was no excuse for what I did. How I had the courage—the shamelessness—is more than I can understand now."

Hilliard stirred himself, and tried to laugh.

"As it turned out, you couldn't have done better. Well, there's an end of it. Come."

He walked on, and Eve kept closely beside him, looking up into his face.

"I am sure he will pay the money back," she said presently.

"Hang the money!"

Then he stood still.

"How is he to pay it back? I mean, how is he to communicate with you?"

"I gave him my address at Dudley."

Again Hilliard moved on.

"Why should it move you?" Eve asked. "If ever he writes to me, I shall let you know at once: you shall see the letter. It is quite certain that he *will* pay his debt; and I shall be very glad when he does."

"What explanation did you give him?"

"The true one. I said I had borrowed from a friend. He was in despair, and couldn't refuse what I offered."

"We'll talk no more of it. It was right to tell me. I'm glad now it's all over. Look at the moon rising—harvest moon, isn't it?"

Eve turned aside again, and leaned on the parapet. He, lingering apart for a moment, at length drew nearer. Of her own accord she put her hands in his.

"In future," she said, "you shall know everything I do. You can trust me: there will be no more secrets."

"Yet you are afraid—"

"It's for your sake. You must be free for the next

year or two. I shall be glad to get to work again. I am well and strong and cheerful."

Her eyes drew him with the temptation he had ever yet resisted. Eve did not refuse her lips.

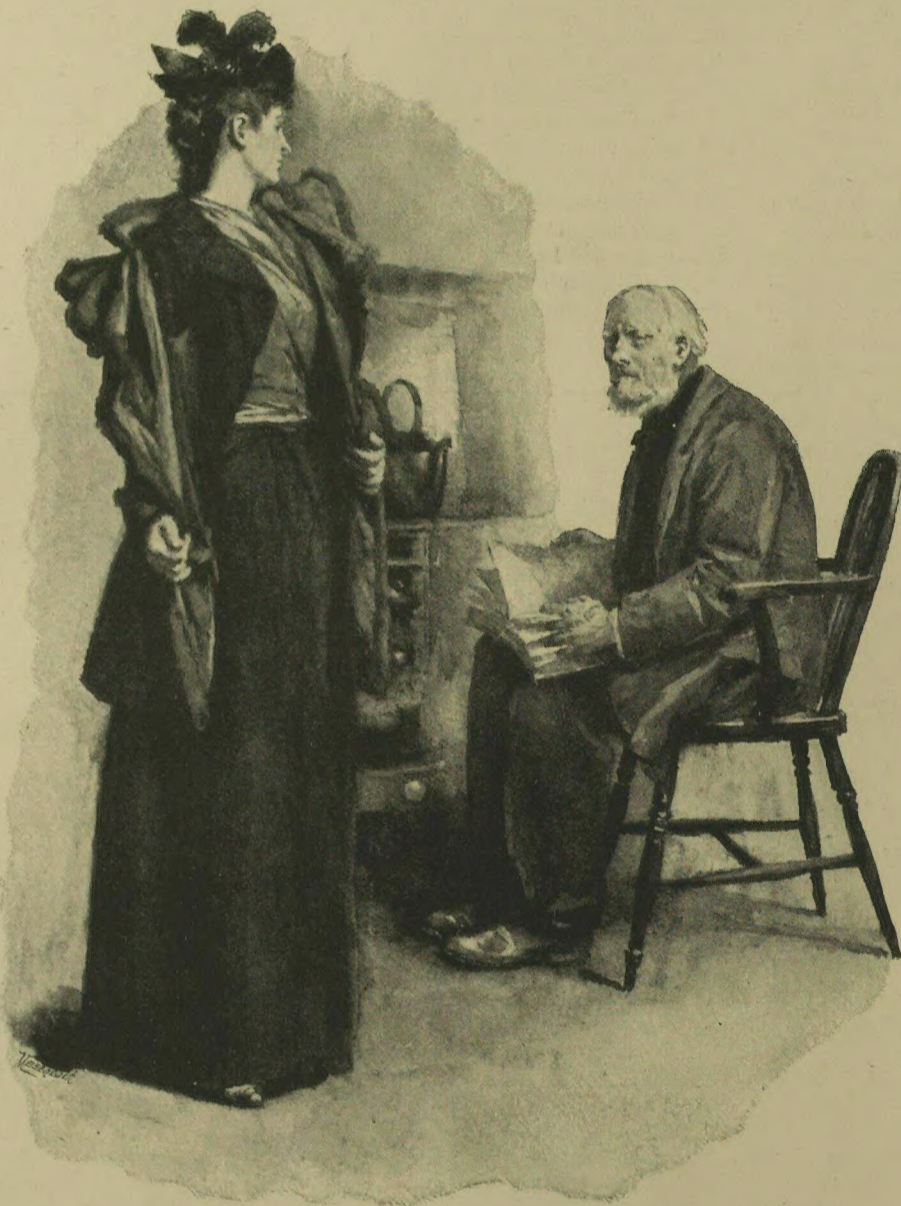
"You must write to Patty," she said, when they were at the place of parting. "I shall have her new address in a day or two."

"Yes, I will write to her."

XVIII.

By the end of November Hilliard was well at work in the office of Messrs. Birching, encouraged by his progress and looking forward as hopefully as a not very sanguine temperament would allow. He lived penuriously, and toiled at professional study night as well as day. Now and then he passed an evening with Robert Narramore, who had moved to cosy bachelor quarters a little distance out of town, in the Halesowen direction. Once a week, generally on Saturday, he saw Eve. Other society he had none, nor greatly desired any.

But Eve had as yet found no employment. Good fortune in this respect seemed to have deserted her, and at her meetings with Hilliard she grew fretful over repeated disappointments. Of her day-to-day life she made no complaint, but Hilliard saw too clearly that her spirits



He looked up from the volume and said in a rough, kind voice: "I was thinkin' it 'ud be about time for you. You look starved, my lass."

were failing beneath a burden of monotonous dullness. That the healthy glow she had brought back in her cheeks should give way to pallor was no more than he had expected; but he watched with anxiety the return of mental symptoms which he had tried to cheat himself into believing would not reappear. Eve did not fail in pleasant smiles, in hopeful words; but they cost her an effort which she lacked the art to conceal. He felt a coldness in her, divined a struggle between conscience and inclination. However, for this also he was prepared; all the more need for vigour and animation on his own part.

Hilliard had read of the woman who, in the strength of her love and loyalty, heartens a man through all the labours he must front; he believed in her existence, but had never encountered her—as indeed very few men have. From Eve he looked for nothing of the kind. If she would permit herself to rest upon his sinews, that was all he desired. The mood of their last night in Paris might perchance return, but only with like conditions. Of his workaday passion she knew nothing; habit of familiarity and sense of obligation must supply its place with her until a brightening future once more set her emotions to the glad tune.

Now that the days of sun and warmth were past, it was difficult to arrange for a meeting under circumstances that allowed of free comfortable colloquy. Eve declared that her father's house offered no sort of convenience; it was only a poor cottage, and Hilliard would be altogether out

of place there. To his lodgings she could not come. Of necessity they had recourse to public places in Birmingham, where an hour or two of talk under shelter might make Eve's journey thither worth while. As Hilliard lived at the north end of the town, he suggested Aston Hall as a possible rendezvous, and here they met, early on Saturday afternoon in December.

From the eminence which late years have encompassed with a proletarian suburb, its once noble domain narrowed to the bare acres of a stunted breathing ground, Aston Hall looks forth upon joyless streets and fuming chimneys—a wide welter of squalid strife. Its walls, which bear the dints of Roundhead cannonade, are blackened with ever-driving smoke; its crumbling gateway, opening aforesaid upon a stately avenue of chestnuts, shakes as the steam-tram rushes by. Hilliard's imagination was both attracted and repelled by this relic of what he deemed a better age. He enjoyed the antique chambers, the winding staircases, the lordly gallery, with its dark old portraits and vast fireplaces, the dim-lighted nooks where one could hide alone and dream away the present; but in the end, reality threw scorn upon such pleasure. Aston Hall was a mere architectural relic, incongruous and meaningless amid its surroundings; the pathos of its desecrated dignity made him wish that it might be destroyed, and its place fittingly occupied by some People's Palace, brand new, aglare with electric light, ringing to the latest melodies of the street. When he had long gazed at its gloomy front, the old champion of Royalism seemed to shrink together, humiliated by Time's insults.

It was raining when he met Eve at the entrance.

"This won't do," were his first words. "You can't come over in such weather as this. If it hadn't seemed to be clearing up an hour or two ago, I should have telegraphed to stop you."

"Oh, the weather is nothing to me," Eve answered, with resolute gaiety. "I'm only too glad of the change. Besides, it won't go on much longer. I shall get a place."

Hilliard never questioned her about her attempts to obtain an engagement; the subject was too disagreeable to him.

"Nothing yet," she continued, as they walked up the muddy roadway to the Hall. "But I know you don't like to talk about it."

"I have something to propose. How if I take a couple of cheap rooms in some building let out for offices, and put in a few sticks of furniture? Would you come to see me there?"

He watched her face as she listened to the suggestion, and his timidity seemed justified by her expression.

"You would be so uncomfortable in such a place. Don't trouble. We shall manage to meet somehow. I am certain to be living here before long."

"Even when you are," he persisted, "we shall only be able to see each other in places like this. I can't talk—can't say half the things I wish to—"

"We'll think about it. Ah, it's warm in here!"

This afternoon the guardians of the Hall were likely to be troubled with few visitors. Eve at once led the way upstairs to a certain suite of rooms, hung with uninteresting pictures, where she

and Hilliard had before this spent an hour safe from disturbance. She placed herself in the recess of a window: her companion took a few steps backward and forward.

"Let me do what I wish," he urged. "There's a whole long winter before us. I am sure I could find a couple of rooms at a very low rent, and some woman would come in to do all that's necessary."

"If you like."

"I may? You would come there?" he asked eagerly. "Of course I would come. But I sha'n't like to see you in a bare, comfortless place."

"It needn't be that. A few pounds will make a decent sort of sitting-room."

"Anything to tell me?" Eve asked, abruptly quitting the subject.

She seemed to be in better spirits than of late, notwithstanding the evil sky; and Hilliard smiled with pleasure as he regarded her.

"Nothing unusual. Oh, yes; I'm forgetting. I had a letter from Emily, and went to see her."

Hilliard had scarcely seen his quondam sister-in-law since she became Mrs. Marr. On the one occasion of his paying a call, after his return from Paris, it struck him that her husband offered no very genial welcome. He had expected this, and willingly kept aloof.

"Read the letter."

Eve did so. It began, "My dear Maurice," and ended,

"Ever affectionately and gratefully yours." The rest of its contents ran thus:

"I am in great trouble—dreadfully unhappy. It would be such a kindness if you would let me see you. I can't put in a letter what I want to say, and I do hope you won't refuse to come. Friday afternoon, at three, would do, if you can get away from business for once. How I look back on the days when you used to come over from Dudley and have tea with us in the dear little room. Do come!"

"Of course," said Hilliard, laughing as he met Eve's surprised look. "I knew what *that* meant. I would much rather have got out of it, but it would have seemed brutal. So I went. The poor simpleton has begun to find that marriage with one man isn't necessarily the same thing as marriage with another. In Ezra Marr she has caught a Tartar."

"Surely he doesn't ill-use her?"

"Not a bit of it. He is simply a man with a will, and finds it necessary to teach his wife her duties. Emily knows no more about the duties of life than her little five-year-old girl. She thought she could play with a second husband as she did with the first, and she was gravely mistaken. She complained to me of a thousand acts of tyranny—every one of them, I could see, merely a piece of rude common-sense. The man must be calling himself an idiot for marrying her. I could only listen with a long face. Argument with Emily is out of the question. And I shall take good care not to go there again."

Eve asked many questions, and approved his resolve.

"You are not the person to console and instruct her.

Hilliard mused, and felt disinclined to discuss the matter.

"That isn't the only news I have for you," said Eve presently. "I've had another letter."

Her voice arrested Hilliard's step as he paced near her.

"I had rather not have told you anything about it, but I promised. And I have to give you something."

She held out to him a ten-pound note.

"What's this?"

"He has sent it. He says he shall be able to pay something every three months until he has paid the whole debt. Please to take it."

After a short struggle with himself, Hilliard recovered a manly bearing.

"It's quite right he should return the money, Eve, but you mustn't ask me to have anything to do with it. Use it for your own expenses. I gave it to you, and I can't take it back."

She hesitated, her eyes cast down.

"He has written a long letter. There's not a word in it I should be afraid to show you. Will you read it—just to satisfy me? Do read it!"

Hilliard steadily refused, with perfect self-command.

"I trust you—that's enough. I have absolute faith in you. Answer his letter in the way you think best, and never speak to me of the money again. It's yours; make what use of it you like."

"Then I shall use it," said Eve, after a pause, "to pay for a lodging in Birmingham. I couldn't live much longer

gleam from doors, proved very serviceable as a help in picking one's path. Towards the top of the hill there was no paving, and mud lay thick. Indescribable the confusion of this toilers' settlement—houses and workshops tumbled together as if by chance, the ways climbing and winding into all manner of pitch-dark recesses, where cats prowled stealthily. In one spot silence and not a hint of life; in another, children noisily at play amid piles of old metal or miscellaneous rubbish. From the labyrinth which was so familiar to her Eve issued of a sudden on to a sort of terrace, where the air blew shrewdly: beneath lay cottage roofs, and in front a limitless gloom, which by daylight would have been an extensive northward view, comprising the towns of Bilston and Wolverhampton. It was now a black gulf, without form and void, sputtering fire. Flames that leapt out of nothing, and as suddenly disappeared; tongues of yellow or of crimson, quivering, lambent, seeming to snatch and devour and then fall back in satiety. When a cluster of these fires shot forth together, the sky above became illumined with a broad glare, which throbbed and pulsed in the manner of sheet-lightning, though more lurid, and in a few seconds was gone.

She paused here for a moment, rather to rest after her climb than to look at what she had seen so often, then directed her steps to one of the houses within sight. She pushed the door, and entered a little parlour, where a fire and a lamp made cheery welcome. By the hearth, in a round-backed wooden chair, sat a grizzle-headed man, whose hard features proclaimed his relation to Eve, otherwise seeming so improbable. He looked up from the



WEI-HAI-WEI: EASTERN ENTRANCE.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Mr. James Fuller, H.M.S. "Æolus."

But she must look upon you as the best and wisest of men. I can understand that."

"You can understand poor, foolish Emily thinking so—"

"Put all the meaning you like into my words," said Eve, with her pleasantest smile. "Well, I too have had a letter. From Patty. She isn't going to be married, after all."

"Why, I thought it was over by now."

"She broke it off less than a week before the day. I wish I could show you her letter, but, of course, I mustn't. It's very amusing. They had quarrelled about every conceivable thing—all but one, and this came up at last. They were talking about meals, and Mr. Dally said that he liked a bloater for breakfast every morning. 'A bloater!' cried Patty. 'Then I hope you won't ask me to cook it for you. I can't bear them.' 'Oh, very well: if you can't cook a bloater, you're not the wife for me.' And there they broke off, for good and all."

"Which means for a month or two, I suppose."

"Impossible to say. But I have advised her as strongly as I could not to marry until she knows her own mind better. It is too bad of her to have gone so far. The poor man had taken rooms, and all but furnished them. Patty's a silly girl, I'm afraid."

"Wants a strong man to take her in hand—like a good many other girls."

Eve paid no attention to the simile.

"Paris spoilt her for such a man as Mr. Dally. She got all sorts of new ideas, and can't settle down to the things that satisfied her before. It isn't nice to think that perhaps we did her a great deal of harm."

"Nonsense! Nobody was ever harmed by healthy enjoyment."

"Was it healthy—for her? That's the question."

at home. If I'm here, I can get books out of the library, and time won't drag so. And I shall be near you."

"Do so, by all means."

As if more completely to dismiss the unpleasant subject, they walked into another room. Hilliard began to speak again of his scheme for providing a place where they could meet and talk at their ease. Eve now entered into it with frank satisfaction.

"Have you said anything yet to Mr. Narramore?" she asked at length.

"No. I have never felt inclined to tell him. Of course I shall some day. But it isn't natural to me to talk of this kind of thing, even with so intimate a friend. Some men couldn't keep it to themselves: for me the difficulty is to speak."

"I asked again, because I have been thinking—mightn't Mr. Narramore be able to help me to get work?"

Hilliard repelled the suggestion with strong distaste. On no account would he seek his friend's help in such a matter. And Eve said no more of it.

On her return journey to Dudley, between eight and nine o'clock, she looked cold and spiritless. Her eyelids drooped wearily as she sat in the corner of the carriage with some papers on her lap which Hilliard had given her. Rain had ceased, and the weather seemed to be turning to frost. From Dudley station she had a walk of nearly half an hour to the top of Kate's Hill.

Kate's Hill is covered with an irregular assemblage of old red-tiled cottages, grimy without, but sometimes, as could be seen through an open door admitting into the chief room, clean and homely-looking within. The steep, narrow alleys leading upward were scarce lighted; here and there glimmered a pale corner-lamp, but on a black night such as this the oil-lit windows of a little shop, and the occasional

volume open on his knee—a Bible—and said in a rough, kind voice:

"I was thinkin' it 'ud be about toime for you. You look starved, my lass."

"Yes; it has turned very cold."

"I've got a bit o' supper ready for you. I don't want none myself; there's food enough for me *here*." He laid his hand on the book. "D'you call to mind the eighteenth of Ezekiel, lass?—'But if the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed—'"

Eve stood motionless till he had read the verse, then nodded and began to take off her out-of-door garments. She was unable to talk, and her eyes wandered absently.

(To be continued.)

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WINTER.

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.



NAVAL DOCKS AT PORT ARTHUR.



CHEFOO, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Mr. Eadweard Muybridge, whose researches in the difficult and complex subject of animal locomotion are so well known, and who himself may be regarded as the foremost exponent of the scientific study of animal movements, has favoured me with a letter in which he refers to the subject of the kinetoscope and its applications to the reproduction of animal movements. It will be remembered that I made some inquiry regarding an exhibition of similar nature to the kinetoscope, which was seen by a friend of mine at Blackpool. Mr. Muybridge thinks that the exhibition referred to may have been his demonstration of the science of animal locomotion, illustrated by aid of his zoopraxiscope. In this exhibition, photographs of animals and birds were projected on a screen, and exhibited "in apparent motion as in life." The occasion in question was that of a lecture given about six years ago by Mr. Muybridge, at Blackpool, on the invitation of the Home Reading Union.

Mr. Muybridge informs me that in 1887 or thereabouts an article appeared in the *Nation*, of New York (from the pen of the editor, Mr. W. P. Garrison), suggesting the possibility of combining the phonograph with the zoopraxiscope so as to reproduce not merely the peculiar characteristics of, say, an orator delivering a speech, but also, at the same time, the words as they fell from his lips. It was about this period that Mr. Muybridge, then on a visit to Mr. Garrison, delivered a lecture at Orange, New Jersey, where Mr. Edison's laboratory is situated. He was consulted by Mr. Edison regarding his (Mr. Muybridge's) investigations on animal locomotion and on the construction and method of working the zoopraxiscope. "As is my custom," says Mr. Muybridge, "I gave him a full description of my experience and of the instruments." Turning now to the zoopraxiscope itself, we find this ingenious instrument described by Mr. Muybridge himself, who tells us that, "in the presentation of a Lecture on Zoopraxography, the course usually adopted is to project, much larger than the size of life, upon a screen, a series of the most important phases of some act of animal



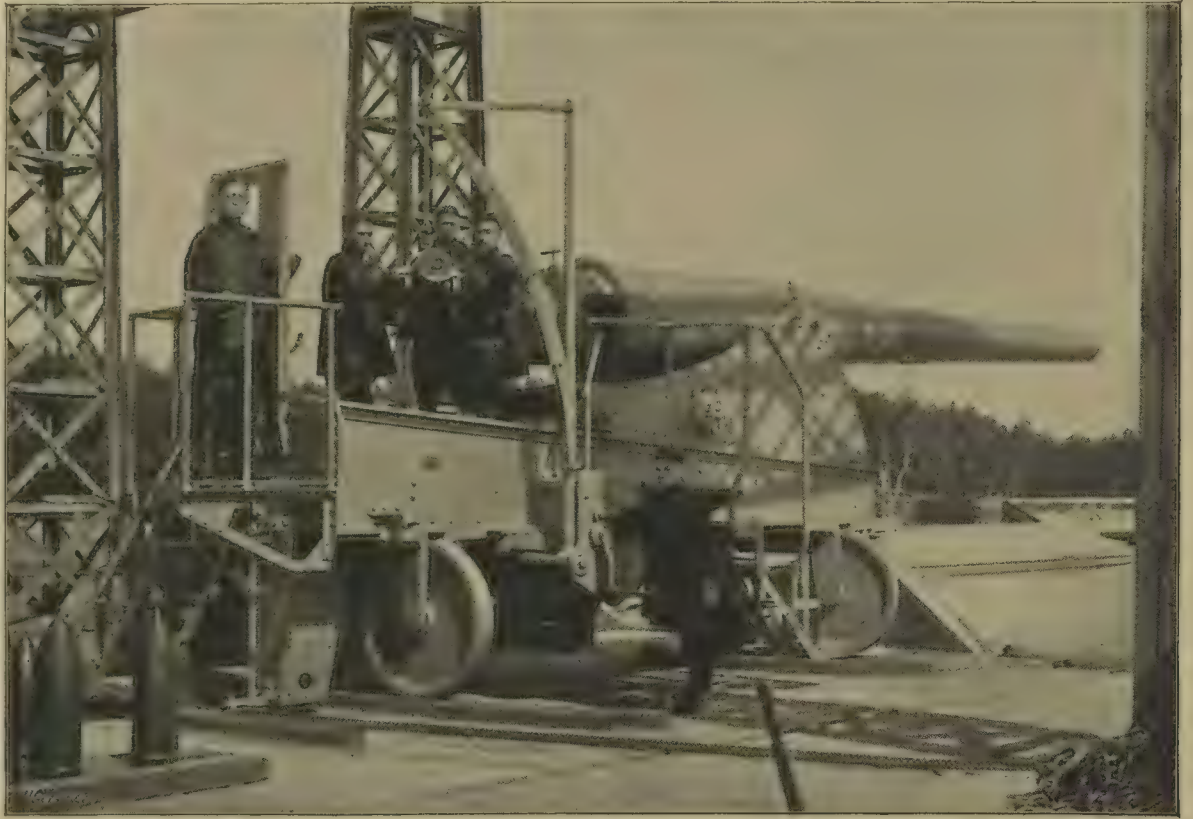
COLONEL THEODOR SCHNELL,
INSTRUCTOR TO THE CHINESE ARTILLERY SERVICE.

motion (the stride of a horse while galloping, for example) which are analytically described. These successive phases are then combined on the zoopraxiscope, which is set in motion, and a reproduction of the original movements of life is distinctly visible to the audience."

So far, then, it seems to me Mr. Muybridge has answered my original query concerning the application of the kinetoscope principle to scientific investigation. In respect that his zoopraxiscope shows a whole series of movements under discussion to an audience, it must be claimed for it, I should say, that it is superior to the kinetoscope, into which (as I saw it) only one spectator can gaze at a time. Doubtless the principle of the two machines is the same, but at least it is satisfactory to know that in Mr. Muybridge's hands the demonstration to an audience of animal movements (photographed, I must add, by a most complex apparatus) is *un fait accompli*. His little treatise on Zoopraxography was published in 1893 by the University of Pennsylvania, at which seat of learning Mr. Muybridge's researches were carried out. It is no light thing in the progress of science to find that the graphic method of appealing to our senses and of demonstrating the problems of animal locomotion has proved in this scientist's hands so completely successful. We may rest content, also, that the kinetoscope principle has not been lost sight of, and, presumably, has been thus anticipated by the zoopraxiscope in scientific research.

A few weeks ago I referred to certain investigations on the development of centres in the brain, and anticipated in my remarks that, sooner or later, we would have definite accounts given us of these investigations. The desire for further information has been so far gratified in that we are now told something definite regarding these curious and important advances in our knowledge of brain-ways. The researches are those of Professor Flechsig, of the University of Leipzig, a well-known physiologist. In the course of his University rectorial address, the professor gave an account of his studies in the innermost centres of brain-action. He has been tracing the development of the nerve fibres which link together the nerve-cells of those regions of the brain devoted to the governance of our conscious life, which fibres constitute the means of

communication between body and brain, and *vice versa*. It seems that in the very young infant, while its lower brain-centres, or those governing the essential actions through which life is maintained, are well developed, the nerve fibres of the cerebrum (or great brain) are imperfectly evolved. This is as though the telegraphic apparatus which is to serve the conscious messages of its future



CHINESE ARTILLERY OFFICERS UNDER COLONEL SCHNELL'S COMMAND.

life had not been perfected. There are thus few nerve-pathways in the brain of the infant. Those which are developed discharge the duty of connecting together the body's exterior, certain sense organs, and the brain; so that, in its own feeble, but vitally necessary, fashion, some definite relation may be maintained between the infant-body and its surroundings.

Then development proceeds. It is described that new nerve-tracks begin to be formed leading from the exterior to the brain, slowly growing in its sensitiveness and in the display of conscious life. The smell-tracks come first in order, it is said, because for the selection of food (regarded from a purely animal standpoint) this sense is all-important. Hearing, it is alleged, comes last in order of development; perhaps naturally so, as our most complex possession of all in the way of a sensory apparatus. Later on these developing nerve-paths shoot out not only towards the higher centres of the brain, but towards the lower

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

An interesting sidelight on the War is cast by the accompanying illustrations, which we owe to a German correspondent. It appears that the only European instructor to the Chinese forces present at Wei-hai-Wei was Colonel Theodor Schnell, whose portrait we give herewith. The

Colonel, who is a German by birth, has been in the Chinese service for a quarter of a century. He has been engaged in instructing the artillery during this time. He was one of the three Europeans who were reported as having been killed or captured at Wei-hai-Wei, but later reports certify that, at all events, he has not suffered death. The Japanese have taken possession of the arsenal, forts, and war-ships at Wei-hai-Wei with the order and method which have distinguished them on previous occasions. The *Chen-Yuen*, having been repaired sufficiently to be seaworthy, has sailed for Japan. Marshal Oyama and his staff are living in the buildings till lately occupied by the Chinese Government, and a careful inventory of the contents of the torpedo-station is being taken. The Japanese Government is asking its Parliament to sanction a fresh vote of credit amounting to 100,000,000 yen. Already 150,000,000 yen has been spent on this war. There is, it is stated, no intention on the part of the Japanese to occupy Chefoo. The bird's-eye view of that important place which



CHINESE ARTILLERY AT DRILL.

centres which obey the behests of the superior brain parts, and which command our muscles and other organs. The apparatus of the sense of touch, with its multitude of resulting connections, is thuswise evolved. We are told this sense has connected with it about two hundred and fifty thousand separate pathways leading to and from the skin surface. Still later on, pathways develop from the brain-centres of the senses to the higher mental centres, and thus is laid the foundation of the conscious life.

we give on another page shows it to be thickly populated. While public interest centres on the war, rather than upon the *fons et origo mali*, there is a propensity to lose sight of the Korean difficulty itself. Korea has been the subject of much consideration by the Japanese Government, and the reforms which Count Inouye is preparing are so sweeping, and, in certain respects, so novel, that the careful observer of politics in the Far East may well pause before he commits himself to an opinion upon them.

LITERATURE.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR'S NEW BOOK.

The Fluctuations of Belief. By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. (Longmans).—Scepticism in the present day differs widely from the scepticism of past generations; but no one can be familiar with contemporary society without seeing how widespread is the misgiving—sometimes secret, sometimes only insinuated, sometimes openly expressed—about the certitude of even our most elementary religious convictions. The forces which tend to produce this vaguely agnostic attitude are summed up by Mr. Balfour under the term "Naturalism." It is the system which holds that we may know phenomena and the laws by which they are connected, and that "the world of which alone we can have any cognisance is that world which is revealed to us through perception, and which is the subject-matter of the Natural Sciences." The result of this conviction is to degrade man from the position of being the final cause of the Universe. It is, therefore, of immense importance to test the bases of conclusions which work with perilous effect in undermining our confidence in all that is most beautiful and most dear. Science shows us the vast possibilities of evolution, and Metaphysic inexorably proves to us the relativity, and in that sense the unreality, of all our knowledge. Mr. Balfour's object is to show that neither Science nor Metaphysic exhausts the possibilities of such certainties as suffice for action and character. As it is impossible in a brief space to review his admirably lucid and cogent essay, we shall be rendering to our readers the best service if we bring before them the presuppositions on which so many sceptical issues are founded. Passing over the Empiricism of Locke, we may at once give an illustration from Kant. He showed that, since all knowledge depends on the unity of the object with the subject—of the Ego with the non-Ego—the word "external" can have no meaning apart from the thinking subject. When we look through a kaleidoscope the forms which we see have no objective existence, but depend on the reflecting glasses: our understanding plays the part of those reflecting glasses to the outward world. We see a rainbow—but the arch and the colours are not there; they are mere impressions modified by our own subjectivity. Not only so, but even the raindrops and the sun are nothing but empirical phenomena; their round shape and the space in which they are formed, are only produced by our sensuous intuition. These views were expanded and elucidated by later thinkers. Herbart argued that the *intrinsic* nature of the real does not concern the human being; this experience is only a tissue of relations. Fichte added that all we can know of things without us, even their bare existence, is still within us. The Ego does, indeed, presuppose a non-Ego, but is itself as incognisable as the non-Ego. Just as the green and red clouds which flit before a dazzled eye only reveal a certain internal disposition of the organ of sight, so all the apparent qualities of things only reveal to us a modification of our own intelligence. Now, such speculation might well seem to have an annihilating effect on the reality of knowledge, and therefore on all theology. It is true that the Transcendental Idealists did not admit that their views were destructive of the Faith. Just as Leibnitz has elaborated his theory of "Pre-established Harmony," and Malebranche his "Vision of all things in God," so Kant had his doctrine of "Innate Ideas," and regarded the Idea of God as a postulate of the Practical Reason. Fichte came to the conclusion that "the living and active moral order is God; we need no other God, and can comprehend no other." Schelling found the Absolute in his doctrine of "intellectual intuition." Even Hegel produced a terminology which can hardly be said to do more than thinly veil the absence of a religion. These philosophers, in the endeavour to make their systems all-comprehensive, leave us with no real escape from the conclusions (1) that there is no Personal God either within or without the Universe, but God is only a human concept; (2) that the hope of personal immortality is nothing better than a sensuously selfish illusion; and that there is no real antagonism between good and evil. So far as any of them *do* provide us (as Kant does) with some means of avoiding this practical obliteration of all faith and conduct, their views are too abstract and intangible to be understood by any except a few. To get a real religion out of such elements has been compared to milking a he-goat into a sieve: "No milk comes in the first instance, and even that the sieve will not retain!" But Professor Ferrier showed, in his brilliant "Institute of Metaphysics," that there is one absolute existence which is not contingent, which is strictly necessary—namely, a Supreme, Infinite, and Everlasting Mind in synthesis with all things." He shows that the postulation of the Deity is not only permissible, but unavoidable; that since the Universe is incapable of self-subsistency, and can only exist *cum aliis*, we are compelled to conceive a supreme intelligence as the ground and essence of the Universal Whole. "Here metaphysics stop; here ontology is merged in theology."

Mr. Balfour's admirable book, which will be found delightful by all competently educated readers, is devoted to establishing the presuppositions which must underlie the bases of any intelligent theology. He subjects "Naturalism" to a keen analysis from the standpoints of Ethics, of Æsthetic, and of Reason, and shows that it leaves us to welter in a mass of hopeless contradictions. He then passes to some reasons for belief and to some causes for belief. Under the latter head he powerfully establishes the claims of Authority. Finally, in his last section, he gives "Suggestions towards a Provisional Philosophy." In this part of the book, and, indeed, throughout it, the reader will find most valuable contributions to the arguments for holding fast the faith. There is no one who might not gain valuable thoughts from this important and brilliant book.

A HOLIDAY TASK.

Among the Apple Orchards. By Clement Scott. (London: Remington and Co.)—Scott-free, and in clement weather, Clement Scott spent a recent holiday among the apple-orchards of Worcestershire and in somewhat less than

one hundred and fifty pages of daintily printed text he gives us, as a result, pictures of life at "Walnut-Tree Farm," visions of siestas under apple-blossoms, vignettes of Old England, rural and antique, and sketches of Broadway, the "Painters' Dreamland." Each of the four divisions of the book is illustrated by a photographic reproduction of one of the unique scenes of rural felicity which inspired the poet's verse and the author's prose, Clement Scott the poet in each case introducing Clement Scott the word-painter and prose writer—

To the fields away! for Nature presses
On toiling foreheads a balmy kiss;
There's nothing so sweet as her wild caresses,
No love more full to the lips than this.

So sings the poet as he introduces the reader to the delights of "Walnut-Tree Farm," and but for the sense of incongruity which makes a Christmas story so tiresome at Midsummer and the marvels of Australian cricket so uninteresting when the thermometer is approaching zero, we could almost fancy ourselves enjoying the sweet, wild caresses of Nature's gentler moods, instead of those which we are obliged to endure, and which of late have proved too, too wild for us. Wanderings round "Walnut-Tree Farm," a trip to Tewkesbury, a drive to Worcester, and excursions to Stratford-on-Avon, the shrine of Shakspeare, and Broadway, the painter's dreamland, make up the framework upon which Mr. Clement Scott hangs the moralisings and soliloquising with which he is accustomed to pursue his rural rambles. Happy is the man who, like Mr. Clement Scott, wherever he may go, finds "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and copy in everything!"

A DISSECTOR OF DREAMS.

Imagination in Dreams. By Frederick Greenwood. (John Lane).—The accepted theories of dreams are twofold: one that dreams are lobster salad, another that they are all imagination. Plain living and high thinking; but heavy suppers and high dreaming. Take primitive man as portrayed by Milton. Adam's sleep, he tells us, "was very light, from pure digestion bred"; and our unfallen parents seem to have had only two dreams. One, in Adam's case, was a premonitory symptom of Woman; the other, in Eve's case, a premonitory symptom of the Serpent.

But Mr. Greenwood does not think much of the current theories; and, indeed, the contrivers of the current theories did not think much, or they would never have supposed that they had explained dreams. You put something hot against the soles of a sleeper's feet (to quote a stock example), and he dreams that he is walking up Etna. There is a case on record. But will every man dream he is walking up Etna if you burn his feet? The sensation will suggest a dream; but what dream it will suggest you can no more foretell than you can foretell what thoughts will be suggested to a given person by the sight of a beautiful landscape. And so the current theory of suggestion by external sensations or internal morbid disturbance no more explains dreams than any mere theory of suggestion can explain thought. The theories are true enough within the little stretch of their tether, but they do not even touch the real processes of dreams. Nor will the "all imagination" theory work. Granted it be true—a very doubtful matter—how does imagination come to produce results so transcending our experience of its waking operation? By the study of the peculiar working of imagination in dreams, we may learn much, Mr. Greenwood thinks, regarding the nature of that faculty; much which is obscured from our observation by its co-ordination with other faculties in our waking hours. And the same may hold true of those other faculties, if other faculties are at work in dreams, as Mr. Greenwood thinks they are. In this sense it is that he urges his bold plea for a truly scientific, as opposed to a merely materialistic, study of dreams. In studying an organism under the microscope, the structures which the man of science wishes to view are often obscured by their relation to other parts. He applies a certain reagent which disturbs those relations, and thereby brings into special prominence the structures he desires to observe. Now, dreams, argues Mr. Greenwood with great plausibility, are such a reagent; "dissecting out" (in his own phrase) faculties which baffle our examination under the intricate conditions of waking existence.

To noting some of these peculiar disturbances, and suggesting the directions in which they may profitably point inquiry, Mr. Greenwood's book is devoted; and accordingly, readers who go to it for a collection of choice dream-specimens, so to speak, are liable to be disappointed. Yet some of the instances given are curious enough, even if one has seen them paralleled before. Thus, a girl's family is being robbed by the servants. The family are partially aware of the robberies, but do not know whom to suspect. The girl, however, has heard little about the robberies, and not given much heed to what she heard. She stays up one night, reading in the drawing-room. She is not certain whether she falls asleep; and so the story is open, if the reader choose, to be interpreted as a ghost-story pure and simple. She hears the church-bell ring the first quarter past one, and looks up at the favourite armchair of her dead father, which stands opposite. It appears to be covered with a thick black veil, out of which the ghost proceeds to "materialise" himself. "The veil lightened till it became gray, and in the ugly mist a shape became visible. With a slowness which still fills me with horror to remember, the shape took the lineaments of my father, not as I had seen him dead, but grayer, thinner, and with a dreadful clayey look about him." Of course, he leads her downstairs, taking the candle with him, opens all the locked doors without such superfluous machinery as keys, shows her the skylight through which the thieves had entered, and names a trusted man-servant as their accomplice. And investigation subsequently proved that you may always take a ghost's word for a thousand pounds.

We should add that Mr. Greenwood, in this clever and thoughtful little book, carefully shuts out any supernatural explanation of dreams; though it is slightly obvious that on this point he sometimes has an opinion he does not give—a discretion in which we shall certainly follow him.

THE FIRST STEP.

The First Step: a Dramatic Moment. By William Heinemann. (John Lane: At the Sign of the Bodley Head).—That Mr. William Heinemann's first step into the arena of literary effort should have been greeted by a plentiful display of fisticuffs was, perhaps, a foregone conclusion. Here was a highly successful publisher forsaking his ledgers to dally with the dramatic muse, and arrayed against him was his natural enemy, the scribbling young man, backed by the majesty of that cherished guardian of our morals, the Licensor of Plays. The occasion was too unique, the opportunity too precious to be lost. "Spare the rod and spoil the publisher," seems to have been the motto of these lusty censors, who find in the theme of "The First Step"—the leading astray of a young girl—a serious outrage on our insular proprieties. And yet the candid reviewer has only to glance at a bookshelf of classics to find that this same theme has been treated in many and various ways, and always with notable success. "The Heart of Midlothian," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Adam Bede," "Faust," "The Heritage of the Kurts"—the list can be prolonged indefinitely: but in the mine where Scottish, English, German, and Norwegian authors have found their masterpieces it would seem that it is not permitted a prentice hand to seek for the smallest nugget. And yet, it may at once be conceded, "The First Step" contains no single line which would repay its perusal by the prurient.

In the opening scene we have the first wedding day of a bachelor's wife. It is a year ago since the heroine left her home to devote herself to the rising dramatist, Frank Donovan. The informal tie is in this case stretched to snapping point, and Frank is already in love with Mrs. Courtree, an actress. Annie is not unsuspicious, but with a magnanimity only, we fear, to be seen in literature, she refuses his offers of an immediate marriage, to fall, in the second and third acts, into the rôle of a neglected and deceived mistress. This, we take it, is the real tragedy of the play: the touching devotion, the terrible sacrifice of the girl Annie, met only by the callous and brutal indifference of the man who should have been her lover and protector. A corner of the veil which hides the eternal tragedy of human love is lifted for an instant—for an instant we are made to feel the inexorable cruelty of passion, the abysmal indifference of life. In the girl Lizzie, whose fate forms the subject of the play, Mr. Heinemann has depicted a coarse, shallow, foolish specimen of a type which is eternal, a girl, as Mr. Kipling would say, who is destined for an "ancient and honourable profession," and her undoing at the hands of a certain Jack Durwen, a man about town and friend of her sister's lover, has all the conclusiveness of the inevitable. It is here, we venture to think, that the realist fails where the romanticist would hold us enthralled. Take from Effie Deans her tenderness, from Hetty Sorrel her saucy innocence, make Tess a mere clod of the fields, and Gretchen a giggling piece of baggage, and where is the tragedy which should move the spectator when an innocent young girl frays—as the current phrase goes—the hem of her white robe? And so Annie, the elder sister, who has ruined her life for a man who drinks, who strikes her, and who deceives her with the first auburn-haired play-actress who comes across his path—Annie remains the one touching and attractive figure in a singularly sombre but dramatic story.

A HISTORY OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Progress of Science: Its Origin, Course, Promoters, and Results. By J. Villin Marmery. (Chapman and Hall).—Inside the cover of this book there is pasted a series of short paragraphs summarising its excellences, and presumably intended to save the reviewer the labour of reading it, as also to suggest what he should say about it. The publishers—for we cannot assume that the author is *particeps criminis*—have committed an indiscretion which we advise them not to repeat. For if it lends itself to the convenience of easy-going and unprincipled critics, it can awaken only resentment in minds of the honester sort, and compel more careful scrutiny into the value of materials thus unwisely puffed.

And, in truth, the book has no need of such devices. It is a careful and honest, withal somewhat laboured, attempt to tell this hurrying age, with its legacy of the long result of the toil and tribulation of the centuries, upon whom there rested the burden and to whom the honour should be paid. For the history of scientific discovery is the history of civilisation, because it is concerned with the growth of the conception of order and the decay of belief in the capricious and exceptional. Mr. Marmery has, therefore, to cover a vast field in proposing "to conduct the inquirer safely from the Greek world to our own without leading him astray," since the survey has to include not only those wonderfully shrewd speculations of the Ionian philosophers which modern physics has verified, but scientific progress through the Arabians and Mediaevalists. Among these last we note with satisfaction the adequate recognition given by Mr. Marmery to the work of Roger Bacon, to whom is due the introduction of the "experimental method, the starting-point of modern advance in Europe." The arrangement of the subject-matter into groups rather than into periods has the drawback of compelling the reader to retrace his steps and to obtain only a blurred idea of the continuity and inter-relation of intellectual development; for each advance was but part of a general movement due to a common impulse. And then, the author's natural desire to assign each discoverer his due place results in the insertion of snippety paragraphs, which are neither critical nor historical. For we are not illumined by reading that "Cardan advanced theoretical and practical mechanics" or that Huxley's works "are deservedly held in universal esteem." Nor does the author show firm grasp of the bases of organic evolution in remarking that Darwin remains its "central pillar," the fact being that the fabric rests on supports—as the evidence from paleontology and embryology—which suffice to uphold it, were the Darwinian theory of "natural selection" disproved to-morrow. These are, however, minor blemishes in a work which, as a survey of scientific progress from ancient to modern times, fills a blank, and will be found instructive to the general reader. The index is copious and excellent.



SKATING ON THE SERPENTINE.

A PAGE FROM PAPUA.

It is a far cry, across many a weary mile of sea, to British New Guinea, but Sir William MacGregor, its administrator, is at present among us. The fact will no doubt give a certain immediate interest to the country, especially as he is to deliver an address on it before the Geographical Society. Although British New Guinea appertained to the realm before, it is only six years since Sir William declared her Majesty's sovereignty over it. He landed one September day, and before night the ceremony had been compassed, and British New Guinea became a Crown Colony. Several of his officials, Mr. James Hennessey, Mr. A. C. English (from whose collection of New Guinea pictures the two given here are taken), and Mr. C. A. Kowald, are also home on leave. Add to these Mr. R. G. Guise, a planter of long experience, and it will be seen that the facilities for getting first-hand facts about British New Guinea and the Papuans are quite excellent. Sir William MacGregor would probably suggest that as interesting a question as any other in connection with New Guinea is this: Will the Papuans, now civilisation has reached them, continue to grow and multiply and people the land, or will



Photo by Poulson, Brisbane.

SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR, K.C.M.G.

they go down as the native Australians have done, as the Maoris of New Zealand are rapidly going? Much, if not, indeed, most of this big island, hanging on to the skirts of the continent of Australia, is utterly unknown. Apart from the direct work of administration, Sir William MacGregor has been actively engaged in gathering geographical and scientific information relative to the British slice of the island.

That phase of the clarification of British New Guinea can best be illustrated by telling in brief the story of his explorations among the Owen Stanley range of mountains.

Although it is not his latest piece of exploration—inspection is the word he prefers himself—it remains, perhaps, the most picturesque. The expedition took place in what in England were the early summer months of 1889. The undertaking was at once arduous and perilous. As a result of two days' marching once, the party contrived to get precisely two and a quarter miles ahead. On another occasion a raft with which a stream was being crossed broke loose, and was rapidly swept down river. Fortunately, the men upon it at the time were good swimmers, else they could hardly have hoped to reach the shore in safety. Then fever troubled the expedition, the lack of clothes was much felt, and finally the provisions became scanty, and short rations were compulsory. There must have been a double privation, in that having regard to the hunger which a high cold altitude—an Alpine altitude—may be supposed to induce. Indeed, the not unhumorous thing happened that one of the few specimen birds captured high up on the range was surreptitiously eaten by a native carrier. The bulk of the expedition was taken as high as ten or eleven thousand feet, and then Sir William MacGregor pushed for the top accompanied by only a few of his men. He is the only white man who has been on the top of the range, the highest point of which he christened Mount Victoria, which has an elevation somewhat over thirteen thousand feet. Several new tribes were met with in the course of the expedition, many important observations were made, and it must have recalled his native North to Sir William to find icicles on Mount Victoria. It need hardly be said that the climate elsewhere in New Guinea does not breed icicles.

For Government purposes, British New Guinea is divided into four districts, besides Port Moresby, which may be called the capital. It is named after a Captain Moresby, who discovered the harbour, and in connection with that it may be stated that the coast has many good natural harbours. Somebody who knows both Ceylon and New Guinea has put it that the possibilities of the latter in reference to produce—coffee, and so on—are much on the same lines as the achievements of the former. Between the Cingalese and the Papuans—the least civilised to-day certainly of South Sea natives—there must naturally be a wide gulf fixed. It has been thought a wise thing, in managing the Papuans, to investigate and comprehend their traditions, customs, and ways of life generally. A general line of custom runs through the people, but that line is subject to all manner of variations. Polygamy is common, and is based on the theory that the more wives a man has the more comfortable he will be. The description of the marriage customs in one division of the territory would seem to indicate that



NEW GUINEA WARRIORS.

the "advanced woman" is not necessarily a product of the highest civilisation. In that part the Papuan woman takes the initiative, sending for the man of her choice, who comes and takes her away. Her relatives organise a demonstration, and demand in return a sister of the bridegroom for wife to a youth of their family. Thus it is a case of fair exchange; but it is surely barter when, if there is no available sister, a payment in currency—sharks' teeth, say—is taken as substitute.

TEN DAYS IN BOSNIA.

We have received a number of letters in connection with the series of articles which we published recently under the title "Ten Days in Bosnia." Many of our correspondents seek information as to the various routes and railways by which both Bosnia and Herzegovina can be reached; others would know of the sporting possibilities in these countries, which up to this time are practically untrodden by the tourist. In answer to these inquiries it may be said that Mr. H. W. Snow, the exceedingly well-informed and courteous London agent of the International Sleeping Car Company, has a thorough knowledge of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and has prepared an admirable programme for any who may desire to visit these provinces of the Balkans.

Mr. Snow, to whom letters may be addressed at 14, Cockspur Street, S.W., is now proposing, in conjunction with Mr. Redfern, the Paris agent of the company, an attractive series of tours to South-Eastern Europe. By the famous Wagon-Lit, the journey to Brod, via Vienna and Buda-Pesth, is not only to be performed without fatigue, but is in itself a very attractive thing, the sleeping cars being quite beyond criticism, and the cuisine better than in many so-called first-class hotels.

Where larger information, either economic or social, is desired, our correspondents are advised to address M. Henri Moser at 12, Rue des Saussaies, Paris. M. Moser is one of the foremost among modern travellers, and has been for some years the agent of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Government in Paris. He is rightly an enthusiast where these countries are concerned, and has a thorough knowledge of all sport to be obtained in them, and particularly of the fishing, which is very good. A year or two hence and we may expect the Balkan Provinces to be as much within the range of the average tourist as Switzerland and the Tyrol.

We have lately received from M. Moser a copy of the first number of the first illustrated paper published in Bosnia. It is called *Nada*, and is published at Serajevo. It is in the Bosnian language. This is an amazing production to have come out of the "savage lairs." It is full of fine illustrations, reproduced with a large command of technical skill; it contains poems, stories, and articles, and affords yet another instance of that progressive spirit which the genius of M. de Kallay has breathed upon this wild corner of the Balkans.



NEW GUINEA WIDOWS MOURNING.

MR. STEVENSON'S VOYAGE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Twice since we heard of Mr. Stevenson's death I have received letters written by him before Dec. 3—mere notes on a character in one of his novels—the Master of Lovat. On the same day some curious epistles of the said Master were sent to me, and it is thus that we are constantly made to feel the blank in our lives, and to know how much we miss our friend. These “antiquarian old-womanries,” these traits of a strange personage whom the world has forgotten—young Lovat—amuse us still, and it is difficult to believe that to our friend of a few months ago these and all things human are now indifferent.

Would that death had waited a glance or a word,
Or some token from us of our love!

says the Samoan poet, putting the common desire in words of his soft-vowelled speech.

Like a letter from the dead is Mr. Stevenson's account of his voyage to New York in the second edition of his collected works.* Why it was not published at the time when it was written, one does not know. Very probably he has altered and softened it. He sailed in the second cabin, equivalent to the steerage, and M. Zola would have made a great use of such an opportunity to be squalid. But Mr. Stevenson's ambition was not to enumerate and classify smells and evil sounds. He discovered, from a certain brazen plate, that he still was a “gentleman,” but as for food and comfort, he was as ill supplied as his neighbours. He could eat the food, especially the soup and the porridge. Now, he had a taste for rather dainty fare, and was an amateur, in his way, of cookery and of wines. He was, therefore, surprised that his companions, almost without exception, could not eat what he found not unpalatable. One does not know how to explain this fastidiousness in the others, as contrasted with his own content.

Mr. Stevenson, to speak like Greek prose, “escaped people's notice in being a gentleman and a man of letters.” The saloon people did not recognise him as one of their own class, neither did the steerage passengers. They took him for a mason or an engineer. As a tramp, he passed for a tramp in France; he expected other things among his fellow-countrymen. The officers called him “my man.” I do remember once being “my manned” at a Highland railway station by the last of the old Highland chiefs when I was an undergraduate. Not resenting this form of address, I applied it, in turn, to the venerable head of a very gallant clan, and he too did not seem to mind. Mr. Stevenson's great feat was being refused admission to the rooms at Monte Carlo, but, as he told the tale, this was less remarkable than his successful incognito on board ship. One might have expected his speech to betray him. As he says, nobody can have looked at his hands, which showed no mark of any manual labour except the making of cigarettes. He wrote a great deal on board, and the stewards and doctor chaffed him about this practice. “What, still writing?” But everyone says this. The Duke of Cumberland, I think, said so to Mr. Gibbon: “What, still writing? Another d—d thick volume, eh?” Mr. Stevenson's position here was not unusual. They all do it.

His companions, Mr. Stevenson discovered (no doubt with no surprise), were, in essentials, gentlemen. All natural people are: there is very little difference in all sorts and conditions of men. They were kind, frank, unobtrusive, sympathetic. People only cease to be gentlemen when they are affected, conceited, and ill at ease. These are not universal conditions, happily. Most of the company were failures, and at the root of most of their ill-success was drink. They were only in the way of exchanging Glenlivet for Bourbon. Some, of course, had fallen back on the cheap pleasure as an anodyne. Most had no hope except in a regular revolution and change of all things. This is very natural, when one has nothing to lose. But a *bouleversement* will not cure a taste for liquor, and, agreeable as the savage life may be, all savages fall victims to fire-water and cards. However, the pleasure of pulling other people down is next to that of being oneself set up. Mr. Stevenson draws his usual tolerant pictures of even the least amiable among his fellow-sufferers. He could always make himself happy in observing human nature. He never was “bored,” happy man; but then he resolutely shunned the people who give dinner-parties. Thus his boast of not being bored must be taken with a qualification. He kept out of the way of the ordinary British matron. The young ladies whom he did know worshipped him. Persons who have none of Mr. Stevenson's advantages, who cannot escape ordinary “bodies,” who are not adored by the young and fair, and

who are terribly sick at sea, feel that, if he had occupied their shoes, he might have been bored also. The whole essay is full of his humour, which keeps a reader in a perpetual smile, and his adventure was only one more example of his unconventional pluck and hardihood.

The later papers have already been published. He does not seem to have got on so well with Americans as with his own folk. He found a curious mixture of unprecedented rudeness, with unprecedented kindness, in the same persons. “These are (it is well to be bold in statement) the manners of America.” Probably the kindness is genuine, the rudeness is a mask, put on one does not well know why, but perhaps as an outward and visible sign of Freedom. Or this may be “the character of some particular State or group of States.” Why should the manager of a book-shop “indicate squarely that he put no faith in my honesty, and refuse to look up the names of books, or give the slightest help or information?” The philosophy of Clothes had, perhaps, something to do with all this. Mr. Stevenson was ever at war with the whole race of tailors, and I have seen the hall-porter of a most respectable club look at him very queerly. To be sure he wore a hat consecrated to Tyrolese liberties, a large amorphous cloak, a pair of yellow shoes, a yellow tie, and a shirt of some thick black material. A hall-porter, accus-



LORD ACTON,

THE NEW REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

tomed to the correct Mr. Sidney Scraper, all but lost his presence of mind. The bookseller may have been of the same humour. Moreover, Mr. Stevenson admits that, because of the rain, a pool formed on the floor at his feet. So I am inclined to palliate the reserve of the bookseller, especially as he suddenly thawed, and became most friendly and obliging. If Mr. Stevenson prepared for himself rubs in life (and it may be admitted that he did not go out of his way to avoid them), he endured them smilingly, and made his readers also smile. His fellow-travellers thought literature an idle trade. His idleness makes men happy.

In one respect Greece maintains a romantic link with the past—that is, in the possession of brigands. This fact has added the needed touch of adventure to travel through the ancient kingdom. It was announced the other day that “the robber chieftain Tsoulis, who has been making Thessaly unsafe for years,” had been captured under disguise in Cairo. Here were delightful elements for a story. The phrase “who has been making Thessaly unsafe for years” was a proud testimony to the valour and repute of Tsoulis. But, unfortunately for the lover of romance, and also for future travellers in Thessaly, the story is now contradicted. “An inoffensive retired butcher of Patras” was arrested on the initiative of a Greek merchant, who declared that he was undoubtedly Tsoulis, whom he remembered in former years. The Greek merchant was wrong, the butcher is once more free, and Tsoulis is presumably still in business, unlike his “double,” who had retired.

LORD ACTON.

The hackneyed phrase, “a walking cyclopædia,” can for once be accurately applied. Lord Acton, who has been appointed Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, carries a mind stored with the greatest variety of knowledge probably possessed by any living man. The Right Hon. Sir John Emerich Edward Dalberg Acton, first Lord Acton, is the son of the late Ferdinand Richard Edward Acton, whom he succeeded as eighth baronet in 1837. He is sixty-one years of age, and was raised to the peerage in 1869. He was educated at no English University, but studied at St. Mary's College, Oscott, when Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman was president, and subsequently became a pupil of Dr. Dollinger, at Munich. The influence of the last-named scholar on Lord Acton is marked by his steady devotion to Dr. Dollinger's tenets and a certain breadth of thought which many Catholics regard as heterodox. Lord Acton has had experience of political life. He represented Carlisle in the Liberal interest from 1859 to 1865; then he contested Bridgnorth (where he has a country seat, Aldenham Park), and was returned by a majority of one, but was unseated as the result of a scrutiny. Since his elevation to the peerage he has spoken occasionally in the House of Lords, latterly as the representative of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. He was appointed a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen nearly three years ago. He married in 1865 the Countess Marie Arco-Vallez (who died in 1889), by whom he has a son and three daughters living. His excursions into journalism have been numerous. He edited the *Home and Foreign Review* from 1862 to 1864, when it ceased; afterwards he conducted a weekly paper, the *Chronicle*, which met with little success; and next, the *North British Review*, which—*absit omen!*—did not long survive. Lord Acton has contributed many learned articles to many reviews, chiefly on the historical phases of theology. Twenty-one years ago, when the world was excited by the publication of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees, he plunged into the famous controversy with a dialectician's delight. Letter after letter signed “Acton” appeared in the *Times*, stating his views with a courage which to certain Catholics seemed worse than indiscreet. An article by him, which drew considerable attention to the *Quarterly Review* for January 1877, treated of “Wolsey and the Divorce of Henry VIII.” with much originality and insight. There is in Lord Acton's writing a certain obscurity caused by his profundity of investigation; he has not made famous any special phrase, and in this respect he will be a contrast to his predecessor, Sir John Seeley, who so picturesquely described Great Britain as “a world-wide Venice, with the sea for streets.” Lord Acton has received many honours; at the jubilee of Munich University in 1872 the honorary degree of Doctor was bestowed upon him by the Philosophical Faculty. Oxford honoured herself by conferring upon him in 1887 the honorary D.C.L. degree; and All Souls' College elected him in 1890 to an honorary Fellowship, which he prizes all the more because this special mark of esteem is only shared with Mr. Gladstone. The University of Cambridge gave him her highest honour in 1888, when the future Regius Professor of Modern History was made a Doctor of Civil Law. In Germany Lord Acton's literary work is better known and appreciated than in this country, where his “Letter to a German Bishop, present at the Vatican Council” would naturally fail to find a place on most book-shelves. In France there have been several readers of his admirable letters on Liberty, which owe their translation to Emile de Laveleye. Not a little of what the author considers his weightiest work has appeared anonymously, and perhaps his new appointment may induce him to reprint some of the celebrated articles on the Vatican Council which are attributed to his pen.

Mr. Gladstone, who is himself a repository for all kinds of information, has been accustomed for years to refer abstruse questions of history to the decision of his friend Lord Acton. But, although rightly regarded by his intimates as an exceedingly learned man, there has been some danger of a like fate happening to Lord Acton as befalls those singers who, in Oliver Wendell Holmes's words, “die with all their music in them.” And therefore, the choice of a successor to the late Sir John R. Seeley is all the more interesting, especially if it should unlock the doors of Lord Acton's scholarship for the benefit of Cambridge men. He cannot fail to impress his hearers with his sincerity, industry, and exactness, while his readiness to place his knowledge at the disposal of others is bound to create appreciation. There is just the proper tinge of an experiment in appointing a Peer sixty-one years old to a University professorship, but it is an experiment which is hopeful in its result.

*The Collected Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. New Edition. (Chatto and Windus.)



MR. J. MOSS'S PACK OF BASSET-HOUNDS AT BISHOPS WALTHAM, NEAR WINCHESTER.

From a Picture by Mr. Valentine T. Garland.

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

IX.—IVY IN THE COPSE.

See what a beautiful creeping spray of ivy—dark green, with russet veins—from the ground beneath the copse here! How close it keeps to the earth! how exquisitely the leaves fit in with one another, like a living mosaic! That is why the ivy-leaf is shaped as we know it, with re-entrant angles, very abrupt and deep-lobed. The plant, as a whole, crawls snake-like over the ground in shady spots, or climbs up the face of stony cliffs, or mantles walls and ruins, or clambers boldly over the trunks of trees—which last, though its most conspicuous, is not by any means its commonest or most natural situation. It is a haunter of the shade. Therefore it wants to utilise to the uttermost every inch of space and every ray of sunlight. So it clings close to the soil or to its upright support, and lays its leaves out flat, each occupying its own chosen spot of earth without encroaching on its neighbour's demesne, and none ever standing in the light of another. That shows one at once the secret reason for the angular foliage: it is exactly adapted to the ivy's habitat. All plants which grow in the same way, half trailing, half climbing, have leaves of similar shape. Three well-known examples, each bearing witness to the resemblance in their very names, are the ivy-leaved veronica, the ivy-leaved campanula, and the ivy-leaved toad-flax. Or look once more at the pretty climbing ivy-leaved geranium or pelargonium, so commonly grown in windows. Contrast all these angular leaves of prostrate creepers with the heart-shaped or arrow-headed foliage of the upright twining or tendril-making climbers, such as convolvuli, black bindweed, black bryony, and bittersweet, and you will recognise at once how different modes of life almost necessarily beget different types of leaf-arrangement.

Nay, more. If you watch the ivy itself in its various stages, you will see how the self-same plant adapts its different parts from time to time to every variation in the surrounding conditions. Here in the copse, left to itself, as nature made it, it spreads vaguely along the ground at first with its lower branches, developing small leaves as it goes, narrow-lobed and angular, which are pressed flat against the soil in such a way as to utilise all possible air and sunshine. They cover the ground without mutual interference. And they are evergreen, too, so as to make the best of the scanty light that struggles through the trees in early spring and late autumn, while the oaks and ashes are all bare and leafless. But the main stem, prying about, soon finds out for itself some upright bank or trunk, up which it climbs, adhering to its host by the aid of its innumerable short root-like excrescences. Here its foliage assumes still the same type as on the ground, but is not

quite so closely appressed to the support, nor yet so sharply angular. The mode of the mosaic, too, has altered a little to suit the altered circumstances: the leaves now stand out more freely from the stem, yet in such a way as not to interfere with or overshadow each other. By and by, however, the ivy, as it grows, reaches the top of



Photo by Salmon, Winchester

MR. J. MOSS,

MASTER OF THE WINCHESTER BASSET-HOUNDS.

the bank or some convenient flowering place on the friendly trunk; and then it begins to send up quite different blossoming branches. These rise straight into the air, without support on any side; unlike the creeping stems, they are stout enough and strong enough to stand alone—to bear their own weight and that of the prospective flowers and berries. Besides, they wish to be seen from all sides at once, so as to attract from far and near a whole circle of amicable birds and insects. And

now observe that on these upright flowering branches the shape of the leaves changes entirely, so that you would hardly recognise them at first sight for ivy. They stand round the branch on all sides equally, and therefore have no longer any need to fit in and dovetail with one another. Each leaf is now somewhat oval in form, though sharply pointed; there are no more lobes or angles; and the outline as a whole is far fuller and usually unbroken. Yet they still avoid standing in one another's light, and are so arranged in spirals round the stem as to interfere as little as possible with one another's freehold.

The little yellowish-green flowers which top these branches appear in late autumn. They are not particularly conspicuous, and their petals are insignificant; yet they distil abundant honey on a disk in the centre, and they breathe forth a curious half-putrescent scent, which seems highly attractive to many carrion flies and other foul feeders. Hence you will find that butterflies seldom or never visit them; but they are frequented and fertilised by hundreds of smaller insects, for whose sake the copious honey is stored on the open disk, where it is easily accessible to even the stumpest proboscis. Ivy, in short, is a democratic flower: it lays by no rich store of secret nectar in hidden recesses, like the honeysuckle or the nasturtium, where none but the Norman-nosed aristocrats of the insect world can reach it; it is all for the common plebs. "A fair field and no favour" is the motto it acts upon. When the berries have been thus fertilised, they lie by over winter, slowly ripening and swelling, to blacken at last in the succeeding summer. The ripe fruit is then eaten by birds, such as hawfinches and certain of the thrush tribe, which disperse the hard nut-like seeds undigested. Black or dark blue are rare colours for flowers, but common for fruits; partly perhaps because birds are less fond of bright reds and yellows than the æsthetic insects; but partly also because such dusky hues are readily seen on a tree or bush against the snows of winter, the grey brown of late autumn, or the delicate wan green of early spring foliage.

MR. J. MOSS'S BASSET-HOUNDS.

At Winless Hill House, the residence of Mr. J. Moss at Bishops Waltham, there is a fine pack of basset-hounds, which has given many a good run to those who have the wind and lung to follow it on foot. The Master of the hounds is a son of a former member for Winchester, and an enthusiastic sportsman. Mr. Moss has carefully selected his pack, adding to it some of the hounds lately owned by Mr. T. Cannon. He has also purchased some good animals from the kennels of the Prince of Monaco. Mr. Valentine T. Garland, on the preceding page, has allowed us to reproduce the very successful and pleasing picture which he has executed of this popular pack.



Photo by Hills and Saunders.

COACHING ON THE ISIS AT OXFORD.

See "Our Illustrations."

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

To-day his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday. I sincerely wish the Sovereign Pontiff many happy returns, for although four score years and five is a ripe old age, there were some of his predecessors who exceeded it by ten and more, though of course not many. There are no trustworthy documents on the subject of the ages of the Popes until the reign of Martin V., who was elected in 1417; hence, the statement that Saint Agathon lived to 107 must be received with extreme carefulness, and the same caution should be exercised with regard to St. Peter, said to have been ninety-nine at the date of his crucifixion. The Abbé Maistre, in his "Histoire de Saint Pierre," maintains, however, that St. Peter was not more than seventy-three or seventy-four. Authentically there have been only four of the Pope's predecessors who exceeded him in years—namely, Gregory XII., who died at ninety, though he vacated the Papal throne before the day of his death; Clement XII., who died at eighty-eight; Clement X., who died at eighty-six; and Pius IX., who died at eighty-five years, eight months, and twenty-six days, after a reign of thirty-one years, seven months, and twenty-six days.

The youngest Pope was John XII., who was said to be only twenty-six when he died, after a reign of seven years and nine months. He belonged to the powerful Conti family, and was a grandnephew of Sergius III. and John XI., but I repeat, the documents bearing upon the Popes' ages do not become trustworthy until the beginning of the fifteenth century. From those documents it would appear that the average reign of the Popes was exactly six years, eleven months, and twenty-six days.

Of course, a great many Popes reigned much less. Pius III. occupied the Papal throne only twenty-six days, and Marcel II. only twenty-two days, but one may well doubt whether their days were cut short by luxurious living, as some hostile critics have hinted. On the day of his election Leo XIII. found his bill of daily fare increased by one dish. He quietly pointed to it. "Do you think my capacity for food has increased since yesterday?" he asked. And as a rule the Holy Fathers were of a similar mind with regard to the luxuries of the table, though they entertained their guests in the most sumptuous manner. The reception and banquet on Christmas Eve, after midnight Mass, was perhaps the most splendid of those entertainments. Here is a description of one by de Brosses during the pontificate of Clement XII.—

"On Christmas Eve (1793) the Pope gave, according to custom, a superb *regio* to the eminences of the Sacred College who had attended the Mass at midnight. The entertainment began by a concert and oratorio executed by a large number of musicians in the royal hall; after which was served a splendid collation which truly deserved the name of a good supper. The long and narrow table was decorated with a quantity of crystal ornaments, filled with artificial fruit and flowers, and flanked by another row of larger and real or artificial pieces, representing salads, vegetables, confections, and preserves, the whole of it making up the show part of the business. As for the supper itself, a tall tricorniarches, in a violet gown, on account of our being in Advent, carved the meats, which the subordinate attendants, as violet as he, deposited on the board, dish by dish, and never more than one course at a time. While the one was being partaken of another was being carved—a very comfortable way at a large banquet. Nearly all the dishes after the soups were composed of magnificent salt-water fish. There were only about a dozen cardinals present; but a great many people were admitted as spectators."

But, once more, most of the Popes have been frugal to a degree. Leo X. ate very little indeed, and rarely meat. He was almost what nowadays we would call a vegetarian. On Wednesdays he abstained from even the juice of meats; on Fridays he munched a few roots; on Saturdays he abstained altogether from food and drink. Paul IV., though he kept a magnificent table, ate very little indeed, so little that it was a constant source of wonderment to those around how he could manage to remain in decent health on the infinitesimal consumption of food.

"In the morning," wrote Cardinal Wiseman, "Leo XII. only took a cup of coffee or a little beef-tea. His dinner was really his only meal in the day. His Holiness told me himself that dried cod (stock fish) was his favourite dish." Pius IX., like Leo XII., only ate one meal a day, at three o'clock. He never was more than twenty minutes at table. Pius VII. abstained from meat nearly all the year round. The usual dinner of Paul II. consisted of vegetables and the most humble and inexpensive fish. Adrian VI. remained throughout faithful to the dish he had relished when poor—salt cod; sometimes he asked for fish which even the poorest of the Romans scorned to touch, and in that way became the laughing-stock of the fish-vendors. And be it remembered that all these men disposed of untold wealth.

The Duke of Devonshire, who has more than once alluded to the necessity for a social bridge between the West and the East End of London, gave a practical example on Feb. 20 which might well be imitated. He invited 700 of the students connected with Toynbee Hall to spend the evening at Devonshire House, Piccadilly. There was a distinguished party of entertainers, including the Countess of Dudley, who sang, and the occasion was made exceedingly pleasant. There is every reason for hoping that other aristocrats will see their way to similar functions. Despite Rudyard Kipling's

Oh, East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,

there is abundant opportunity for the East End to be asked to pay the return visit which it has owed to the West for so long. One thing may be safely promised, and that is the real appreciation which is so often lacking from mere fashionable soirées.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J W SHAW (Montreal).—We are much obliged for the game, and publish it with pleasure.

OLIVER INGELA.—The reason your solution fails is that after White plays on his second move K to B 3rd, the Black Pawn at K 7th becomes a Kt and checks, so preventing mate.

W T PIERCE.—Amended versions to hand, with thanks.

R S ATHARVALL (Indore).—Solutions received and acknowledged below. Your notation has many features of interest, but the chess world is slow to change and is not kindly disposed towards mathematical methods. Your problem admits of no mate if Black play 1. P to R 5th, and in any case is much too simple for our use.

J S WESLEY (Exeter).—Thanks for additional problem. One of your previous contributions is marked for insertion.

J COLLINS (Cranbrook).—Solutions must bear the number of the problem they profess to solve, but no more than the first move need be given, although that is not always satisfactory evidence that the problem has been solved. We only acknowledge correct solutions.

J FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—We are sorry that P to B 5th affords a second solution to your pretty problem.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2649 received from Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2652 from C M A B and A H Penney; of No. 2653 from W E Thompson, Carl Artwedson (Sweden), A H Penney, and J Ross (Whitley); of No. 2654 from A E McClintock, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Carl Artwedson, W E Thompson, T G (Ware), F A Carter (Maldon), C A French, Robert Fortescue Lloyd (Leicester), H J Hunt, H H (Peterborough), Charles Wagner (Vienna), Frank Davies (Newcastle Emllyn), James Collins, J Ross (Whitley), Dr Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), and J Bailey (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2655 received from T G (Ware), Dr. Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), Sorrento, Matfield, C E Perugini, H Moss (Sleaford), L Desanges, T Roberts, J S Wesley (Exeter), Alpha, R Worters, (Canterbury), Charles Burnett, Dawn, G Douglas Angas, A H Penney, W R B (Clifton), J D Tucker (Leeds), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), J F Moon, W A Barnard (Uppingham), W R Raillem, E E H, Shadforth, M Burke, Edward J Sharpe, Charles Wagner, Leopold Wagner (Vienna), F Waller (Luton), E W Burnell (Edgbaston), H F Evans, Oliver Ingela, W Wright, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), E Loudon, F Dawson, and R H Brooks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF HERR MARCO'S PROBLEM received from Sorrento, W R Raillem, A H Penney, C R Baxter (Dundee), J F Moon, R H Brooks, F Waller (Luton), Charles Wagner, Leopold Wagner, M Burke, and C E Perugini.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2654.—By A. C. PEARSON.

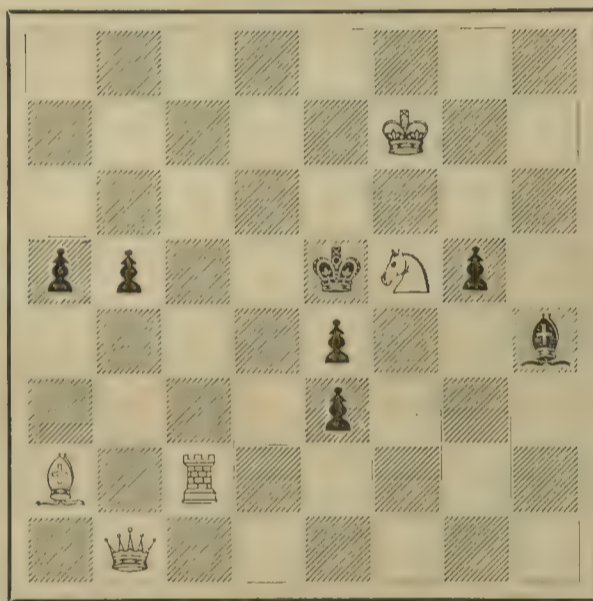
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 5th Kt takes R
2. R takes P (ch) Kt takes R
3. Kt Mates.

This problem can also be solved by 1. R (from R 4th) to R 5th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2657.

By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played in the match at Montreal between Messrs. G. H. D. Gossip and W. H. K. Pollock.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to B 4th P to Q 4th
4. P to Q 3rd B to Q Kt 5th
5. B to Q 2nd

Somewhat tame. 5. P takes K P leads to the following well known but grand variation: 6. P takes K P, Kt takes P; 6. P takes Kt, B takes Kt (ch); 7. P takes B, Q to R 5th (ch); 8. K to K 2nd, B to Kt 5th (ch); 9. Kt to B 3rd, P takes P; 10. Q to Q 4th, B to R 4th; 11. K to K 3rd, B takes Kt; 12. B to Kt 5th (ch), P to B 3rd; 13. P takes B, P takes B; 14. Q takes P, Q takes Q (ch); 15. K takes Q, and the question is an open one.

5. B P takes K P Kt to Kt 5th
6. B takes P B takes B (ch)
7. Kt takes B Kt to Q B 3rd
8. Q takes B Kt takes Kt
9. Kt to K B 3rd Kt takes Kt
10. Kt takes Kt Kt takes Kt
11. P to Q 4th

This would keep, and White might as well Castle at once.
11. Q to R 5th (ch)
12. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to B 2nd seems decidedly safer.

12. Q to B 4th Useless. Again he might as well Castle.
13. Castles P to K Kt 4th

14. Castles Quite sound, for White dare not leave his K B 2nd square unguarded.
15. Q to Q 2nd Kt takes P
16. R takes Kt Q takes Kt
Obviously, if Q takes R, 17. Q takes P (ch), K to R sq; 18. Kt to R 5th, and wins.
17. R to R 5th P to K B 3rd
18. B to B 4th (ch) K to Kt 2nd

The match between Messrs. Gossip and Pollock, which was satisfactorily rearranged, resulted in a draw of six each. We give above an interesting game from the contest, noted by Mr. Pollock himself.

Among the machines in high favour just now among riders are the "Juno" bicycles and tricycles. The Metropolitan Machinists' Company, Limited, which is busy manufacturing them, has a riding-school as well as head offices at 76, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C., where one may learn all about the "Juno" and avoid uncomfortable experiments on the road.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Money comes into all things in this age of the world, and hence shows, with their money prizes, have a powerful influence on any class of things susceptible of exhibition. The cutting of the ears of youthful bull-terriers has hitherto been exacted as a condition of their being eligible for prizes at the leading dog shows. The practice has now been declared illegal, a man having been sent to prison for performing the operation, and his wife for holding the dog meanwhile. The solicitor for the defence tried to get the woman off on the ground that she was only obeying her husband, as required by her marriage vows! This was at one time a valid legal defence, and many a woman who had aided her husband in coining, or some other capital offence, has been saved by this plea, in legal history. It is a fair provision surely, for to "obey" is not to do what you are asked only when you yourself approve of the act, but means submitting your own will and judgment to those of your master. However, the magistrate in this case refused to let the woman go free on that ground. The main reason why I mention the case here is the immediate action taken by the members of the Ladies' Kennel Club Association (a young but already large society), who have appealed to the great and powerful Kennel Club, which is, of course, managed by men, hereafter to rule out from competition dogs which have been subjected to this cruelty. Since then, the Prince of Wales has added his powerful influence to the scale in which mercy's weights are placed, but it is with sincere pleasure that I chronicle that the ladies interested in dogs were the first to plead for them with the men in whose hands the power of great shows resides to stop the barbarity in question. It is thus—against all sorts of rough and harsh treatment of the feeble—that the ever-growing influence of women should be directed.

One by one, those who helped "the New Woman" in her beginnings are passing from the stage of life. Girton College owed its initiation more to Madame Bodichon, who died about a year ago, and the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, who died on Feb. 16, than to any other persons. Lady Stanley, too, was one of the first council of the first (Queen's) College for women's higher education, and she also rendered great assistance in the foundation of the London School of Medicine for Women, becoming one of its first list of vice-presidents, and subscribing fifty pounds to its initiatory funds. She was a true *grande dame*, absolutely independent of the small prejudices and sneers which often pass for public opinion. With her social position, her powerful individuality, and her dignified appearance, she was a tower of strength to the "causes" that she adopted. Her daughters, the Countess of Carlisle and the too early lost Viscountess Amberley, followed in her footsteps in being active advocates of higher education and wider spheres for their sex. Her only unmarried daughter, Miss Maude Stanley, devoted herself for years to a girls' club in Soho. Lady Jeune, so well known for her public spirit and thought on social reforms, was, in her first marriage, Lady Stanley's daughter-in-law.

In the County Council elections that are to be held in London in the first week of March, and in most other parts of the country at about the same date, women who occupy houses in their own names have votes. They are respectfully urged to use the power thus placed in their hands—voting, of course, for which party or which individuals they believe the most suitable for the work. We all get very tired of elections, and as to canvassing, it ought to be prohibited by law. In some cases it is veiled intimidation, in the rest it is a nuisance; anybody can get information as to the character of the candidates and the questions at issue more reliably and certainly from printed matter and public meetings than from a partisan canvasser's private and irresponsible chatter. I know that the bore of being personally canvassed indisposes many ladies to use their votes at all. But it is absolutely necessary that exercising all franchises should be regarded as a part of a citizen's duty, else extravagance on the one hand or apathy and neglect on the other will rule over us, secure from blame or correction in the neglect by the voters as a whole of their own affairs. We have seen the ancient vestries and some other bodies thus decay in *personnel* and work from the indifference of the electorate, and since the County Councils are powerful for good or evil, we should make it a bit of our business of the moment to take enough interest in their elections to save them from the same end. A useful little book, just published, has much information of the deepest interest in connection with what can be and what has been done by such bodies—"Municipalities at Work," by Frederick Dolman. It will be found instructive by many lady voters who have hitherto little understood the possibilities of local public life.

Mowbray House Cycling Association has issued a neat little pamphlet, explaining its principles. It is a ladies' cycling association, the President being Lady Henry Somerset, of whom a striking portrait appears as frontispiece. Miss Willard contributes an introductory letter, in which she avers that she is "personally devoted to the bicycle, finding it a delightful means to a most desirable end—namely, greater physical buoyancy and vigour." She adds that "the daughter of Ward McAllister, [now just deceased] recognised leader of the New York Four Hundred, takes daily rides on her wheel, followed by a groom on the same locomotor; and now we may be sure that the great army of people will soon fall into line." The original feature of the association that issues the pamphlet is a scheme for providing co-operative cycles, so that women who cannot buy one outright shall be able to enjoy the partial property in a machine. How this is worked can be read in the booklet, which can be had from Miss Bacon, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street.

The fact that the Duke of York wears a wedding-ring has just been noticed, and it is opined by some that the practice will henceforth become fashionable for men. It does not seem to be generally known that German husbands always wear this symbol, and that the Prince Consort followed his native fashion without producing any effect here. Certainly married men might as well mark their status as wives do. The plain gold ring, however, is often not worn by American ladies, and the strict Quakeresses never wore the symbol in older days when they were more precise on dress questions.

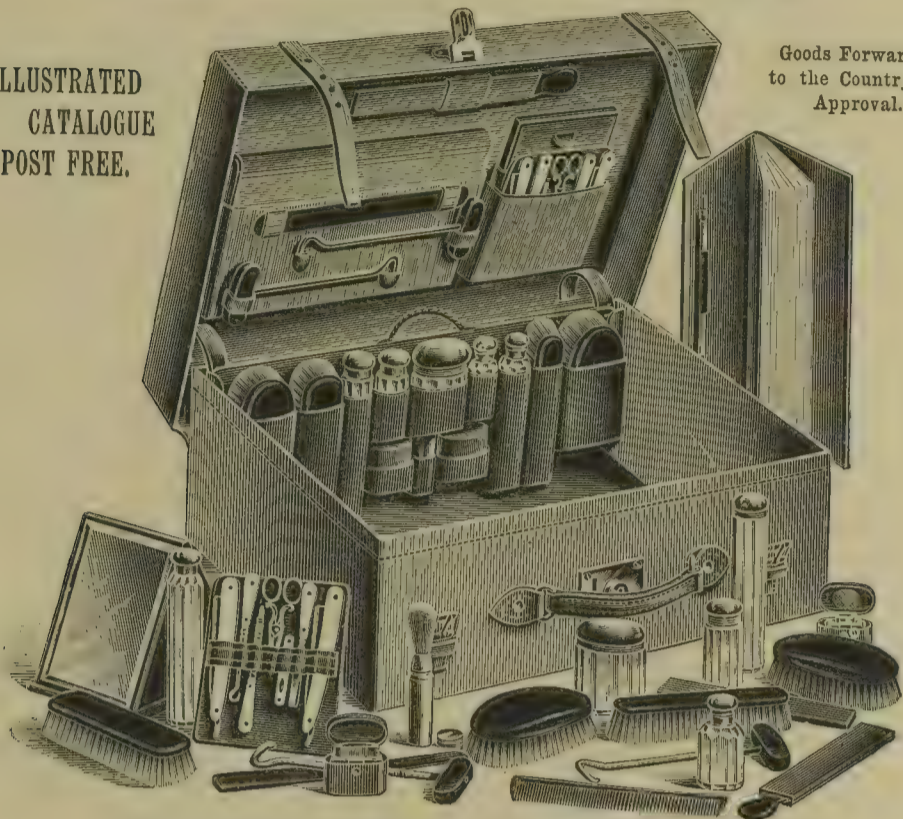
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OBITUARY.

Major-General Frederick George Ravenhill, late Inspector-General of Remounts at the War Office, died on Feb. 17.

Lucy Emma, Lady Goss, widow of the composer, died on Feb. 15, aged ninety-five.

The Rev. Thomas Briscoe, D.D., Vicar of Holyhead, Anglesey, and Chancellor of Bangor Cathedral, died recently.

Sir James T. Stewart Richardson, of Pitfour, who was Secretary to the Order of the Thistle, died on Feb. 14.

Mr. John Creevor Clarke, who represented Abingdon in the Liberal interest from 1874 to 1885, died on Feb. 11, aged seventy-five.

The Rev. W. M. Taylor, a Scotch Congregational Minister, who was for a time pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, died recently. His "Bible Biographies" has had a large circulation, both in the United States and in this country.

Mr. P. Dudgeon, who had a unique knowledge of the Galloway dialect, and had compiled glossaries to S. R. Crockett's works, died on Feb. 9, aged seventy-seven.

Mr. John W. Hulke, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons since 1893, died on Feb. 19, aged sixty-four. He was specially eminent in his profession as an ophthalmic surgeon.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Daniel Gilbert, D.D., Vicar-General and Provost of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster, died on Feb. 18. He founded the Provident Night Refuge and Home.

M. Auguste Vacquerie, a well-known French journalist, who was a comrade in exile with Victor Hugo, died on Feb. 19, aged seventy-five.

Mr. Ewan Christian, a distinguished architect to the Ecclesiastical Commission, died on Feb. 21, aged eighty. The new buildings of the National Gallery are being erected from his plans.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Baring, Adjutant and Clerk of the Cheque to her Majesty's Bodyguard of Yeomen of the Guard, died, after a lingering illness, on Feb. 21. He served through the Crimean War with the Scots Guards.

Sir Henry Bennett, well known at Grimsby, of which borough he was mayor six times, died on Feb. 21, aged sixty-seven.

Mr. Frederick Douglass, who was for fifty years the most prominent orator in the negro race, died on Feb. 20, aged seventy-eight. He lectured in this country in 1845 on the evils of slavery. On his return to America he was refused admittance to the saloon of the Cunard steamer, an incident which drew attention to the disabilities under which negroes travelled. In America he devoted much of his energy to journalism and oratory. He was latterly Minister to Hayti, an attainment which testified to the

change in public opinion and the intrinsic merits of Mr. Douglass.

Sir William Collins, chairman of the publishing firm of William Collins, Sons, and Co., Limited, died at Edinburgh on Feb. 20, aged seventy-seven. He filled an important position in the municipal life of Glasgow, of which he was Lord Provost in 1877.

Camilla Toulmin, afterwards Mrs. Newton Crosland, died on Feb. 16, aged eighty-two. She wrote many stories, and edited the *Ladies' Companion* for some years.

Mr. F. P. de Labillière, a well-known promoter of interest in colonial matters, died on Feb. 19, aged fifty-four. He was for a time honorary secretary of the Imperial Federation League.

Mr. Alfred Robinson, Fellow and Senior Bursar of New College, Cambridge, and one of the most usefully influential men in Cambridge University, died on Feb. 22.

Mr. Edward F. S. Pigott, Examiner of Plays since 1874, died on Feb. 23, aged seventy.

Mrs. Lewis, wife of the Bishop of Llandaff, died on Feb. 24, aged seventy-seven.

That excellent work, "Jepson's British Mercantile Directory," has, with the current issue, attained its majority. Its contents are more comprehensive than ever. We note that there is a new section devoted to Aberdeen, and that the maps, which have proved valuable in the past, are revised to date.

That paradox, "The Rule of the Road at Sea," is still much discussed in naval circles. Admiral P. H. Colomb read a paper before the Society of Arts on the new rules which were proposed at the Washington Conference. As regards sound-signals, a complete system could be learnt in a few minutes. The conference had not added to the number of fog-signals, but had substituted one signal for another. The Admiral trusted that soon there would be some settlement of these controversies, as the need of a revision of the rules had been proved by recent disasters.

That useful annual, the "Newspaper Press Directory," has just made its fiftieth appearance. The occasion is marked by a special article written by the editor, Mr. Wellsman, on "The Newspaper Press Directory: Its History and Progress." Mr. Wellsman has been connected with the book from its first issue in 1846, and has edited it for thirty-seven years. Other special articles are: "Fifty Years' Press Legislation," by W. F. Finlason; "Edmund Yates," by Clement Scott; "John Walter," by W. F. Finlason; "Bibliography of the Press," by W. Wellsman. There are now published in the United Kingdom 2081 magazines, of which more than 487 are of a decidedly religious character. Comparing 1895 with 1846 (the first year the Directory was published), it is estimated that in that year there were only 200 of such publications in existence.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1874), with two codicils (dated Jan. 9, 1884, and Aug. 8, 1894), of Mr. William Hunter Baillie, of 43, Norfolk Square, who died on Dec. 24, was proved on Feb. 16 by William Hunter Baillie, the son, and Miss Helen Mary Henrietta Baillie, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £85,880. The testator devised all his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, in the county of Derby, in England, and in the county of Lanark, in Scotland, and all other his real estate, to his son William Hunter Baillie; he bequeaths £8000, upon trust, for his daughter Helen Mary Henrietta for life, and then as she shall appoint; and there are some other legacies to daughters, and also to servants. The residue of the personal estate he gives to his son.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1894), with a codicil (dated May 31 following), of Mrs. Albinia Wrightson (widow of Mr. Richard Heber Wrightson, of Cusworth, Yorkshire), of 34, Great Cumberland Place, who died on Jan. 6, was proved on Feb. 12 by Alexander Radcliffe Hordern, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £72,785. The testatrix gives £200 each to the Conservative Association at Doncaster, and the Primrose League at Doncaster; all her plate bearing the Wrightson or Brand crests, a gold drinking-cup, books, and other articles, and her freehold property at Hemsworth, Yorkshire, to William Henry Battie Wrightson; £5000 each to her four brothers; £5000 to her sister; £3000 to her nephew and godson, Freeman Thomas; her residence, 34, Great Cumberland Place, with the furniture and effects (but not the plate, books, pictures, or articles of ornament), to the Hon. Mabel Freeman; and many other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves equally to her four brothers.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1889), with a codicil (dated March 6, 1893), of Mr. Herbert Henry Sharland, of Thavies Inn, Holborn, and of La Fontaine, St. Cyr Près Tours, France, was proved on Feb. 8 by Henry Kemp, George Rozey, and Richard Letts, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £71,900. The testator bequeaths his books and library at La Fontaine and in London to the North Devon Athenæum at Barnstaple; £1000 to the Litchdon Almshouses; £1 each to the inhabitants of the said almshouses resident therein on the New Year's Day next following his decease; £1000 each to the North Devon Infirmary (Barnstaple), St. Luke's Hospital (Old Street), Guy's Hospital, St. Thomas's Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road), the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, the Refuge for Homeless Boys (Shaftesbury Avenue), and the London City Mission; £200 to the Barnstaple Dispensary; £500 to the Hôtel Dieu, Tours; and, provided he shall have his present property,

Cod-liver Oil must be regarded rather as a FOOD than as a MEDICINE, its beneficial action largely depending upon its easy assimilation. ON ACCOUNT OF ITS PURITY AND DELICATE FLAVOUR,

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Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.



JOY'S CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of **ASTHMA, WHEEZING, AND WINTER COUGH**, and a little perseverance will effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent physicians and medical authors. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children.

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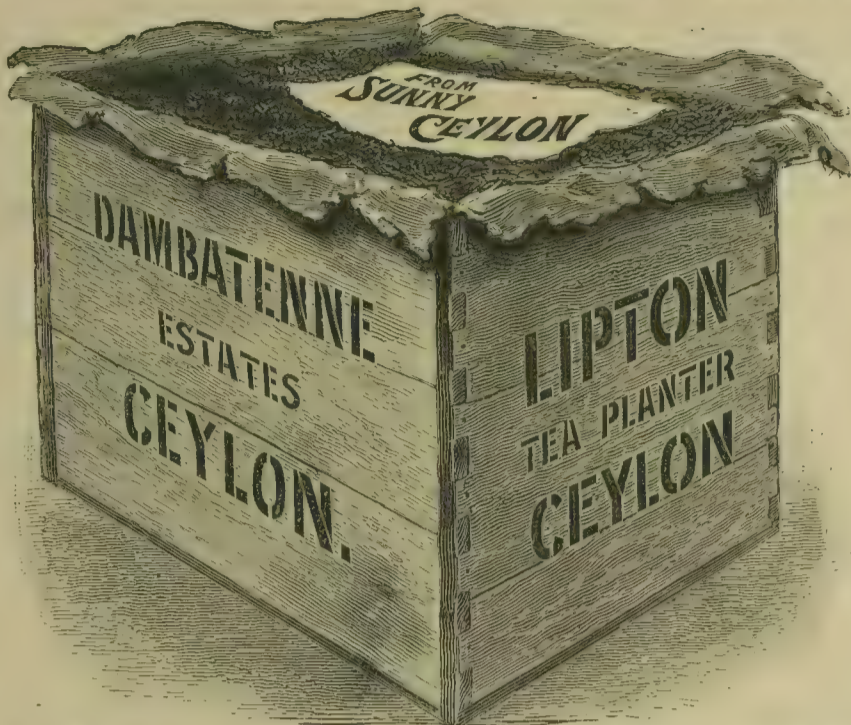
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ENORMOUS DEMAND.

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The LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, & PROVISION DEALER ^{IN} THE WORLD.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon: Dambatenne, Laymastotte, Monerukande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella, which cover Thousands of Acres of the best TEA and COFFEE LAND in Ceylon. Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. Ceylon Office: Upper Chatham Street, Colombo. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores: Hare Street, Strand, Calcutta. Indian Offices: Dalhousie Square, Calcutta. Tea and Coffee Salerooms: Mincing Lane, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale Tea Blending and Duty Paid Stores: Bath Street and Cayton Street, LONDON, E.C. Bonded and Export Stores: Peerless Street, LONDON, E.C. Coffee Roasting, Blending Stores, and Essence Manufactory: Old Street, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale and Export Provision Warehouses: Nelson Place, LONDON, E.C.; Fruit Preserve Factory: Spa Road, Bermondsey, LONDON, S.E. General Offices: Bath Street, City Road, LONDON, E.C.

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Should be used in every household, as [nothing is better
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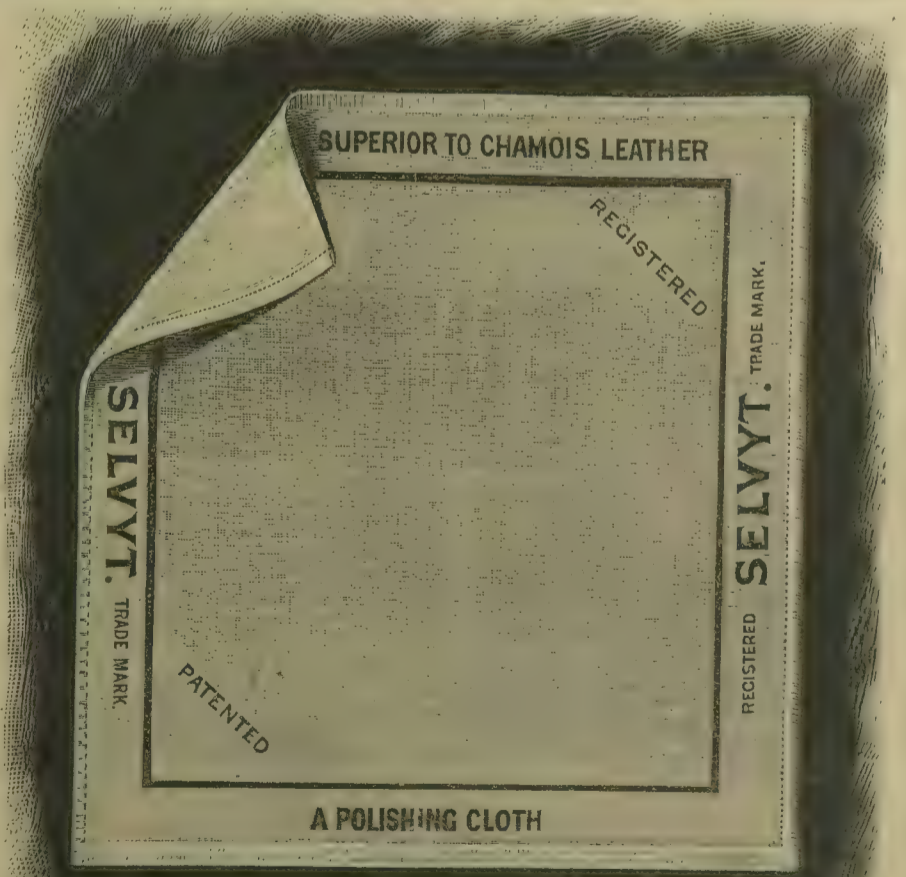
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"A delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—*Court Journal*.
"It has the aroma of spring in it."—*New York Observer*.
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"A delightful deodoriser and luxury for all."—*Le Follet*, Paris.
"The Lavender Salts, whose perfume is so exquisite and subtle."—*Le Figaro*, Paris.



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Experience shows that these polishing cloths and dusters will out-polish and out-wear the best of wash-leather. They can be washed when dirty, and come out as good as new, and never become stiff or greasy. They are woven in various sizes, are sold hemmed and ready for use at from 1d. each and upwards, according to size, and should be in the hands of all domestic servants who have the charge of furniture, plate, glass, china, or bright metal and varnish work, be it in the house, gun-room, stable, coach-house, boat-house, or elsewhere.

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La Fontaine, at the time of his decease, 1000 f. annually for five years to the Bureau de Bienfaisance of St. Cyr-sur-Loire. He also gives 7 and 8, Thavies Inn to his friend Jacob Cohen; the goodwill of his business in Thavies Inn and France, with the stock-in-trade, cash in his hands, and business debts to Henry Kemp, but he is to make certain payments to the employés; £1000 to Robert Camp if in his service at his death; his property in France not otherwise disposed of to his cousin, George Rozey; annuities to his mother and sister; and many legacies to persons in his employ and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his said cousin, for life, then as to such part as cannot by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes to his said cousin absolutely, and as to such part as can be so bequeathed to be equally divided between the said North Devon Infirmary, the Litchdon Almshouses, the Barnstaple Dispensary, St. Luke's Hospital, Guy's Hospital, St. Thomas's Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, the Hospital for Sick Children, the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, the Refuge for Homeless Boys, and the London City Mission.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1894) of Mr. George Christy, of Buckhurst Lodge, near Westerham, Kent, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Feb. 18 by Edward Horsman Bailey and the Rev. Nicholas Bourne Milnes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £71,110. The testator bequeaths his cabinet of curiosities, jewellery, plate, pictures, engravings, and china, and such of his books, furniture, and the contents of his residence as she may like to have, to his niece, Mrs. Alice Bernonsville Milnes; and legacies to executors and servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two thirds, upon trust, for his said niece, for life, then for her husband, the Rev. Nicholas Bourne Milnes, for life, and then for their children; and one third, upon trust, for the three children of his late brother, Arthur de Horne Christy.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Joseph Gaskarth, J.P., of Park Lea, Dunham Massey, Cheshire, wine-merchant, who died on Nov. 24, intestate and a bachelor, were granted on Feb. 9 to James Gaskarth, the cousin-german and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,198.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1886) of Mr. Peter Merrik Hoare, J.P., formerly M.P. for Southampton, of Luscombe Castle, Dawlish, Devon, who died on Feb. 22, 1894, was proved on Feb. 19 last by Peter Arthur Marsham Hoare, the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,739. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, Mrs. Margarita Joanna Hoare, absolutely.

The will (dated April 4, 1882) of Mr. John Herman Braikenridge, of The Rookery, Chew Magna, Somersetshire, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Feb. 7 by George John Braikenridge, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £21,830. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Bristol Royal Infirmary; £100 to the Bristol General Hospital; £50 each to the Bristol Blind

Asylum, the Orphan Asylum for Girls at Hooks Mills, and the Bristol Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; and other legacies. There are also some specific gifts of houses and lands to his cousins George John Braikenridge and William Jerdone Braikenridge. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his five cousins, Mary Braikenridge, Annie Hanington Braikenridge, William Jerdone Braikenridge, Isabella Martha Braikenridge, and George John Braikenridge.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1894) of Mr. Charles Bagot Phillimore, of Hurley Manor House, Berkshire, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on Feb. 8 by Mrs. Caroline Sophia Phillimore, the widow, Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, K.C.B., the brother, and Sir Walter George Frank Phillimore, Bart., D.C.L., Q.C., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,362. The testator gives the silver inkstand presented to him by a large number of Old Westminsters to his wife, for life, then to his nephew, Sir Walter G. F. Phillimore, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail male; Hurley Manor House to his wife, for life, then to her brother, the Rev. Edward John Randolph and his wife and three unmarried daughters in succession, and on the death or marriage of the last of the said daughters to the Rev. Edward Seymour Leveson Randolph; and £1000 and his furniture and effects, except many articles specifically bequeathed, but which she is to have the enjoyment of for life, to his wife. At his wife's death he bequeaths £150 to the Governing Body of Westminster School in memory of his father, Joseph Phillimore, D.C.L., to found prizes for English and Latin compositions to be given annually on Nov. 17, and competed for by the Queen's Scholars; £100 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Shiplake, Oxfordshire, to be invested and the dividends applied in the repair of the fabric, including the organ; and there are legacies of £50 for a similar purpose as regards the churches and organs of St. Mary's, Shipton-under-Wychurch, Oxfordshire, and St. Edith's, Orton-on-the-Hill, Leicestershire; £50 to be invested and the income applied for the benefit of the school at Shiplake until it shall become a Board School or cease to exist; £20 each to the three Diocesan Boards of the Diocese of Oxford; £200 to the Universities' Mission to Central Africa; £100 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, for the extension and increase of bishoprics in India; £10 to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The ultimate residue he gives to his brother Augustus.

The will and codicil of Mr. James Pryse Deacon, J.P., of Hoo Meavy Horrabridge, Devon, who died on Nov. 19, were proved on Feb. 18 by Lewis Sparrow, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9320.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1894), with a codicil (dated Dec. 8 following), of Mrs. Blanche Dawson, of Cleeve Lodge, 40, Hyde Park Gate, who died on Dec. 16, was proved on Jan. 25 by Walter Halliday Moresby and Rear-Admiral Edward Hobart Seymour, C.B., the executors,

the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,910. The testatrix appoints considerable sums under the two settlements made on her marriage, and under the will of Sir William Wellesley Knighton, among her children; and there are various bequests to them, and legacies to executors, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her cousin, Edward Hobart Seymour.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Edward Solomon, the musical composer, of 13, Albert Road, Regent's Park, who died on Jan. 22, at 9, Sussex Mansions, intestate, were granted on Feb. 13 to Mrs. Catherine Priscilla Solomon, the widow, the value of the personal estate being sworn at £100.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1887) of the Rev. James Duncan, Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, who died on Jan. 7 at his residence, the Precincts, Canterbury; was proved on Feb. 11 by the Rev. John Studholme Brownrigg and the Rev. Edward Bainbridge Penfold, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2614. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife, Mrs. Cecil Ursula Duncan, for her own use absolutely.

Many of the Queen's faithful subjects in London had the opportunity of seeing her during her brief visit to the metropolis. Her Majesty, despite the cold weather, drove through Oxford Street and other thoroughfares in an open carriage, preceded, as usual, by outriders in scarlet. It was an unexpected pleasure, and one that was all the more appreciated, to see the Sovereign in such obvious good health. The Empress Frederick paid a good many visits during her stay in town, but she is not so generally recognised as her sisters, whose faces are more familiar to the British public. The Prince of Wales dined with the Queen after the Drawing-Room, which he was unable to attend.

The sittings of the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor really seem at length drawing to a conclusion. The Prince of Wales has been very diligent in his attendances, and his knowledge of the condition of the poor is decidedly comprehensive. The report will soon be signed and issued. The Commission makes no very novel suggestions, but the mass of evidence which it has elicited ought to be of material advantage to social reformers and advocates of old-age pensions. Thrift received a great blow when the "Liberator" failure occurred, and there is need for persistent efforts in the direction of a provision for old age which shall be at once certain and easy of comprehension. In this connection it is satisfactory to learn of the extraordinary increase in the membership of the National Deposit Society, which was founded by the late Canon Portal and other Surrey gentlemen interested in the spread of thrift. The rules of the society are not very capable of brief explanation, but they are compiled in such a far-seeing way that the members, even though they may not thoroughly understand their intricacies, readily perceive the advantages reaped through them.

TELLING TESTIMONY.

HOMOCEA may be considered one of the most important discoveries of the age. It is indispensable in every household, and a day seldom passes when the Homoea tin has not to be brought out. Homoea is an infallible cure for Piles, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Chilblains, Cold in the Head, Eczema, Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Wounds, Inflammation, Stiffness, Sprains, and Strains.

NEURALGIA.

"The HON. MRS. THOMPSON desires to testify to the great value of Homoea as a cure for Neuralgia, having received great benefit from using it. Mrs. Thompson therefore has great pleasure in strongly recommending it, and in allowing her testimony to be publicly used.—Ackworth Moor Top, Pontefract."

"As a pharmacist of fifty years' standing, allow me to state that I consider your Homoea the finest preparation for the purposes you recommend it for extant. I have passed forty years of my life in the service of four of the largest infirmaries of England as compounder of medicine, and no prescription I have hitherto dispensed has been so quick in its action on the complaint for which it was prescribed.—T. G. FORSHAW, M.P.S., 138, Westgate, Bradford."

SORE THROAT AND GOUT.

"The Bay Hotel, Colwyn Bay.

"Dear Sirs,—You will perhaps be glad to hear how much your Homoea is appreciated by a certificated nurse of over twenty years' experience. Last April a lady in the South of France was suddenly taken ill with intense pain in her joints. After a few hours it went to her throat, which began to swell so that she could scarcely swallow her medicine—the pill was quite impossible; by the next day I could not understand anything she said. The doctor painted her throat; she tried to gargle, but could not, neither could she sleep. I gently rubbed the throat for about five minutes with Homoea, then spread some on flannel and put it all round the neck. In about an hour or so she said the pain was much better, and the next morning I could understand everything she said. It also cured a very severe attack of Gout in a patient's hands; they were so painful she cried if you only touched the bedclothes. I am giving massage to my present patient, and have had six boxes of your Homoea. She is much better and can use her hands. I feel it is only due to you to know how your valuable ointment is appreciated by one who has the opportunity of getting some of the best prescriptions in the world.—Faithfully yours, "SOPHIE S. HOWARD."

Homoea is sold by all Chemists at 1/1 and 2/9 per box, or direct from the Wholesale Agency, 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead, at 1/3 and 3/6.

CHILBLAINS.

"I was persuaded to use Homoea for Chilblains, to which I am a martyr. After two applications the chilblains disappeared, though this severe weather is still with us as I write.—ETHEL COMYNS, "9, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C."

CUTS, BRUISES, &c.

"Hillside, Bracknell, Berks. "LADY KEANE has much pleasure in recommending Homoea as an invaluable remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, etc. She thinks

institution like this. I have thoroughly tested it by personal application; and amongst our boys for all kinds of pains and accidents it does all that it is guaranteed to do, and we would not be without it here on any account. It is not only a wonderful lubricant, but strongly antiseptic, and relieves inflammation and pain almost instantaneously. Personally I cannot express my thankfulness for it. I have used it for all kinds of ailments during the last eight years, here and at sea and in Canada. For stiffness, sprains, muscular rheumatism, sore throat, mosquito-bites, etc., it is a real boon, and no praise can be too high for it. No one need be afraid to use it for even the most tender part, or even on raw flesh. I have frequently used it for my eyesight with much benefit.—"Yours, etc., J. W. C. FEGAN."

LORD COMBERMERE writes: "I have tried your Homoea upon myself for Rheumatism, and I found it did more good to me than any embrocation I have ever used, and several of my friends have benefited by its use."

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ART NOTES.

To have exhibited at the Dudley Gallery must be a pleasant remembrance to many artists who at the outset of their career found hospitable quarters in this comparatively uncrowded exhibition. Within the last five-and-twenty years the conditions under which pictures are produced have greatly changed. The Dudley Gallery Art Society, as its altered name suggests, is more or less a close body, and its members cling to the facilities for exhibition which periodically come round. There is, however, no lack of fresh blood among the exhibitors, and some of it shows very great promise; while the older members, from the President downwards, are generally to be credited with painstaking devotion to their art. Mr. Walter Severn, indeed, often carries his uncompromising ways to a point at which we unwillingly part company with so conscientious a student of nature. For instance, there is much to be admired in the skill with which he catches the bright tones of the golden seaweed to be found clinging round the rocky edges of Loch Nevis and the coast about Knoydart, but it is very seldom on the west coast of Scotland that one gets the sharp, almost toneless effects of the distant hills as rendered by Mr. Severn. He comes nearer to a true treatment of atmospheric effect in his rendering of "The Dhu Loghan" (80) and "Sligachan" (95). Whether the President's influence has been felt by the other members of the club is immaterial, but there is no doubt that the most effective, and possibly the most numerous, class of pictures is that dealing with coast scenery and river estuaries. Mr. F. J. Aldridge's "Summer's Morning on the Thames" (9), Miss Rose Rogers's "Tynemouth" (19), Mr. Philip Smallfield's "Dartmouth Harbour" (24), Mr. A. Suter's "Sennen Sands" (20) may be cited as specimens of the good work in this line of which these artists are capable. Among those who as pure landscapists deserve notice may be mentioned Mr. C. Duassut, Miss Margaret Bernard, and Miss E. Jox-Blake—"Hengistbury Head" (246) by the last-named being especially noteworthy for fine drawing and bold colouring. Mr. Fletcher-Watson's "Festival of Flora at Burgos Cathedral" (59) is of a more ambitious nature, and it must be allowed that he has fairly grappled with the difficulties of his subject. Mr. Fred Burgess would do himself more justice if he ceased to oscillate between Miss Clara Montalba and

Mr. Hubert Medlicott, the latter of whom, in his work in this gallery, shows signs of weakness and want of imagination. Miss Gertrude Martineau's "South Foreland Lighthouse" (134), taken from halfway down the side of the cliff, is boldly imagined and picturesque in the result. Mr. Berenger Benger's studies from Norway, Mr. B. Donne's from Switzerland, Mr. F. G. Coleridge's from the Italian Lakes, and Mr. W. W. Lloyd's from the Canadian Far West are all interesting and full of merits; but for dexterous painting pushed to its utmost limit Mr. L. Block's old books and parchments are *tours de force* which the three generations of the Heems might envy, but could scarcely surpass.

Among the numerous works relating to Napoleon and his family, which during the past few months have been showered upon the French public, none surpass in beauty and attractiveness M. Armand Dayot's "Napoléon Raconté par l'Image" (Librairie Hachette, 1895). It does not as a history pretend to develop any new theory of the great Emperor's policy, or to add to the already too abundant supply of the accepted or apocryphal stories of his private life. Its object is to show what manner of man as judged by painters, sculptors, and engravers was the central figure of *la légende Napoléonienne*. No man, if we may trust the evidence of our own eyes, would seem to have presented so many different phases, as were successively depicted by Gros, Guérin, David, and Isabey, or sculptured by Houdon, Chaudet, Canova, and Thorwaldsen. Although there are in existence so-called portraits of Bonaparte as a child by Raffet, as a boy at Brienne by Charlet, the only authentic likeness of him is a pencil sketch done by an unknown fellow-pupil at the Brienne school, dated 1785, and now belonging to M. de Beaudicourt. The real starting point of the story as told in pictures dates from 1796, when Baron Gros fixed for all time the features of the Corsican "*aux cheveux plats*" who had burst upon the world as the hero of the Bridge of Arcola. The nervous face, the heavy jaw of the conspirator of Brumaire and of the hard-won fights of Marengo and Rivoli and of the Egyptian campaign, all owe their existence to Gros' original portrait. Guérin, who has also left a portrait of Bonaparte, taken about the same time, represents a face which seems to convey with greater insight the tortures which the active-minded,

ambitious man suffered during the days of his enforced idleness in Paris. It was not until after he had broken through the trammels, and had become First Consul, that the mask of the conspirator is replaced by that of the conqueror. Gros was the painter of Bonaparte as General; Isabey was that of the First Consul, as David was of the Emperor. Round these, and after these, gathered a cloud of artists who, with more or less reference to exact portraiture, represented Bonaparte in every possible character, costume, and circumstance of his varied life. M. Dayot allows these to tell the story of his hero, and is so far from being only a panegyrist, that he shows us how Bonaparte figured in caricature—French, English, and German. The last and not the least striking of all these portraits is that of Napoleon on his death-bed, a sketch taken at the time by Dr. Archibald Arnot, and dated, Longwood, May 5, 1821.

M. Helleu's dry-point etchings are so highly appreciated in his own country that we feel grateful to Mr. Robert Dunthorne (Rembrandt's Head, Vigo Street) for having brought together between fifty and sixty eminently characteristic specimens of the French artist's work. His strength lies in the endless variety of pose which he can give to the female figure, and even more in the expressive results he attains by apparently simple means. The pictures commend themselves at once as portraits, and whether of grown women or of children, he can render the contour of the face or figure with admirable grace and decision. In many cases M. Helleu displays much boldness in the selection of a pose which at first sight would seem wanting in poetic possibilities; but his mastery over the needle is in these cases only more apparent. In one respect, however, we cannot endorse all that M. Helleu's panegyrists have written about him. He rarely, if ever, succeeds in rendering the hands of his figures with grace or even life-like possibility, and, unfortunately, he too often gives to these members undue prominence. M. Helleu is desirous of obtaining patronage in this country as a portraitist, and doubtless many will be glad to avail themselves of his art. If, however, he wishes to find favour with the British public he will find it necessary to allow his patrons to have their own opinions on the resources of his copper-plate.

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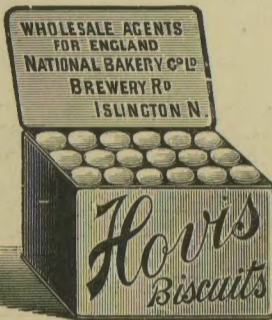
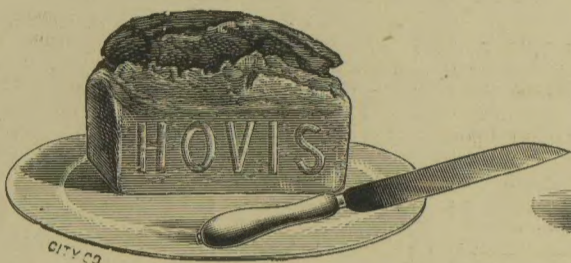
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Lady Frederick Cavendish has taken the field as a lecturer against Welsh Disestablishment. She was in favour of Irish Disestablishment, and is a Home Ruler, but thinks that the case of Wales is in no way analogous to that of Ireland. Lady Frederick is to address a meeting at the Queen's Hall on March 1.

Dr. Knight Bruce, the late Bishop of Mashonaland, has accepted the living of Bovey Tracey, Devon, where he succeeds the late Canon Courtenay.

The Rev. J. R. Vernon, Rector of St. Audrie's, Somerset, and author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," a book which was warmly praised by Mr. Ruskin, has been appointed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells to a prebendal stall in Wells Cathedral.

The large and influential congregation at St. Peter's, Vere Street, have received with much pleasure the news of the appointment of their vicar, the Rev. W. Page Roberts, to a vacant canonry in Canterbury Cathedral. Canon Page Roberts draws a very intellectual audience, including many medical men. He is a strong Liberal, but is opposed to Disestablishment. Sir George Osborné Morgan, the leader of the Welsh party, is an attendant at the church.

Canon Ainger, who is now Master of the Temple, is removing from Hampstead, where he has been resident for many years. He will be much missed in that suburb, where he has been one of the most conspicuous figures.

He has especially interested himself in the Hampstead Library, which began with something over a hundred subscribers, and now boasts fourteen hundred.

It will be learned with much regret that the Bishop of Rochester has had another serious illness. Happily he is better. He faces with wonderful courage the great responsibilities of his see, and the work has not been allowed to lag in any part.

The initials "G. A. S." are, perhaps, the peculiar perquisite of Mr. George Augustus Sala. Other people, however, sometimes venture to use them. Thus, some time ago in the *Spectator*, Professor George Adam Smith, the well-known Old Testament scholar, had an article on Palestine signed "G. A. S." It was at once attributed to Mr. Sala, although not in the veteran journalist's most characteristic vein. Another "G. A. S." writes in the *Guardian* on the criticism of the Old Testament. He is, I believe, Mr. George Augustus Simcox, well known as a classical scholar and a poet.

One of the most influential Nonconformist congregations in London is St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church, the minister of which is Dr. Monroe Gibson. Last year the subscriptions of the members amounted to the large sum of nearly £7000.

On the books of the Liberator Relief Fund are 2472 cases, of which fully one-half are Church people. Their losses are said to amount to £700,000. So far 472 of the most urgent cases have been satisfactorily dealt

with, while small gifts have been made from time to time to 1800 others. There is still, however, much to be done before the tragic sufferings occasioned by this calamity can be alleviated.

Canon Moberly has published a calm and interesting tract entitled "Considerations upon Disestablishment and Disendowment." He insists that no right of private property is absolute, although individuals have a divine right to be treated equitably in matters of property and all else. Corporations have no absolute rights either, and interference with their property by the State is only the exercise of an inherent visitatorial power. Length of tenure in itself is not sufficient justification for continuance unless there is a continuity into modern times of such ancient conditions as justified the original appropriation. Dedication to the service of God even may be set aside, provided that the action is not wrongly done, for "what is not sacrilegious in itself may too easily become sacrilegious in the doing."

The death of the Rev. Samuel Flood Jones, Precentor and Minor Canon of Westminster Abbey, occurred on Feb. 26. The deceased clergyman had done good work in the musical arrangement of the services in the Abbey, and it is appropriate that his last resting-place should be in the cloisters, which were such familiar ground to him. He had been Minor Canon since 1859, and Precentor since 1868. He was for a long while intimately connected with Sion College, and had been Vicar of St. Botolph, Aldersgate.

MARRIAGE.

On Feb. 4, at the residence of the bride's uncle, James Douglas, New York, William F. Robertson, of Montreal, to Edith, youngest child of the late Isaac Mercer, B.A., of Darmstadt, Germany.

MONTE CARLO.

WINTER SEASON.

As a WINTER RESORT Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-board, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

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The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn-tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and yachting, and the pleasures of the casino; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Basking or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter there does not exist.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

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The LUSITANIA, 3877 tons register, will LEAVE LONDON MARCH 27, for a 47 DAYS' CRUISE, visiting GIBRALTAR, MALAGA, PALERMO, KATAKOLO, CORINTH, EGINA, PIRÆUS (for Athens), DELOS, SMYRNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SANTORINI, MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth May 12, and London May 13.

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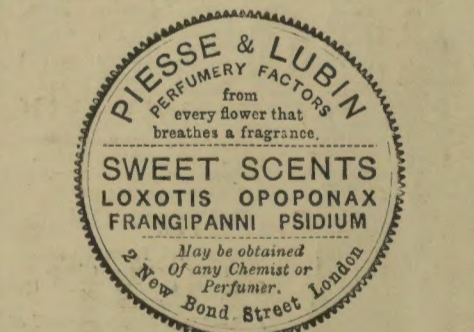
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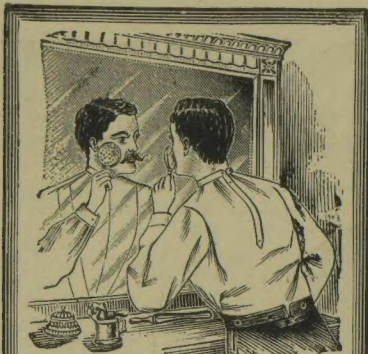


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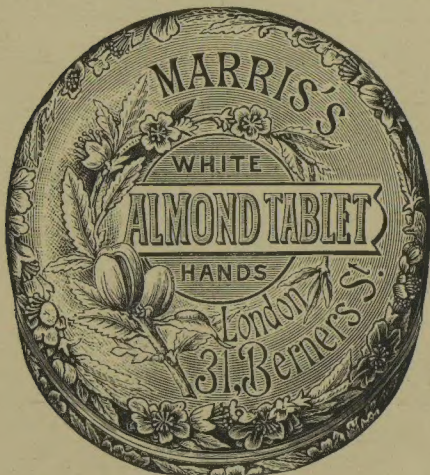
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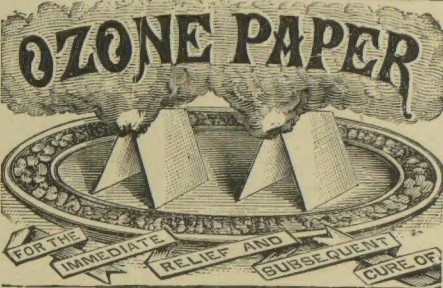
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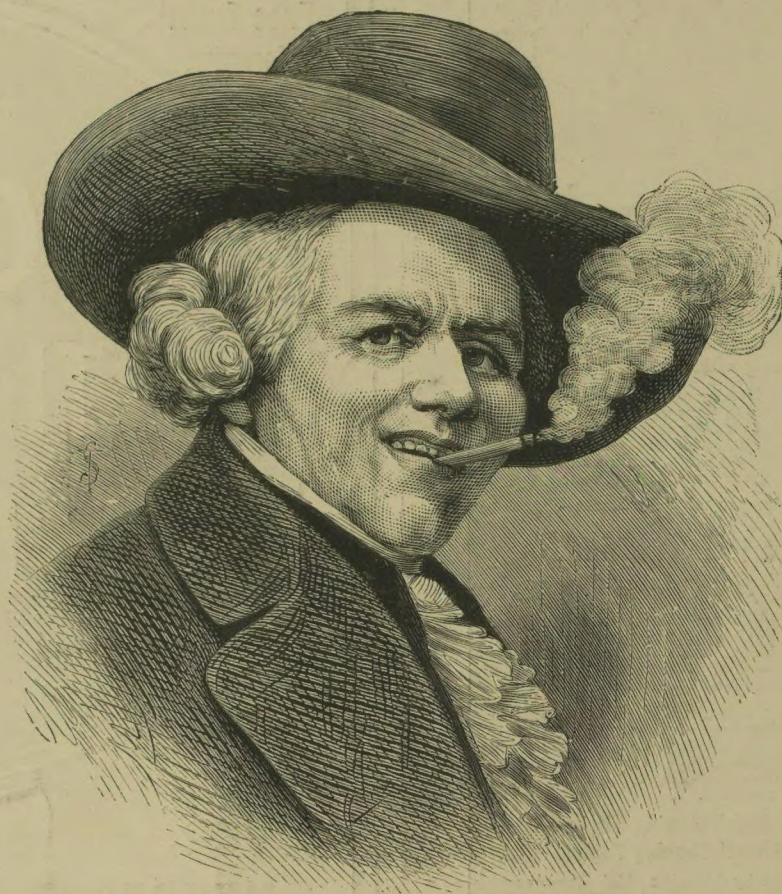
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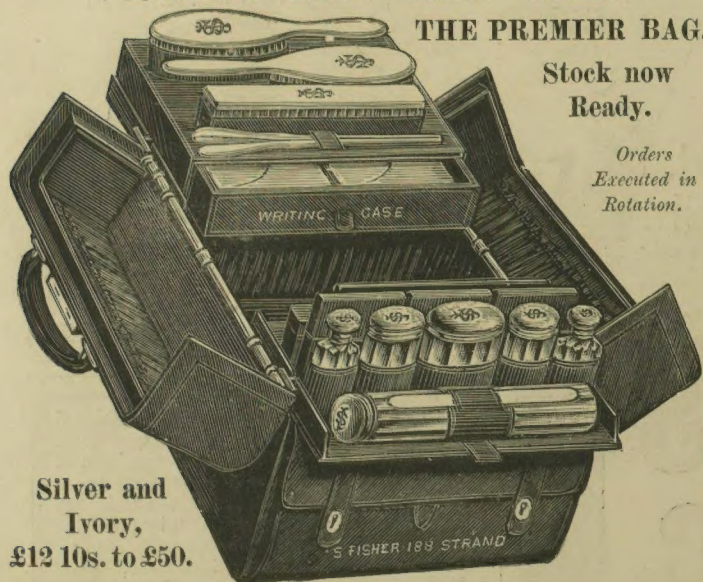
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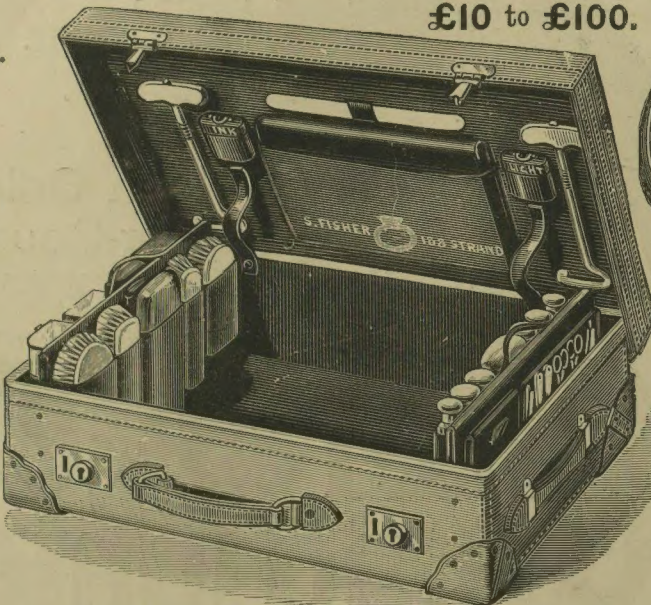
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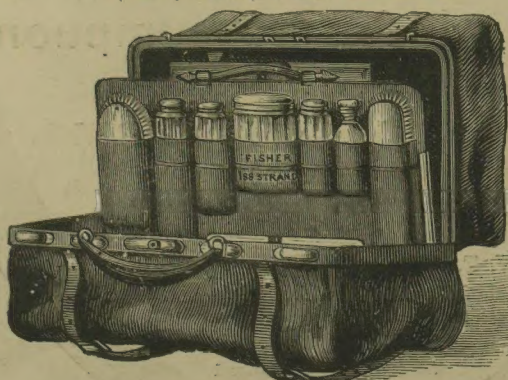
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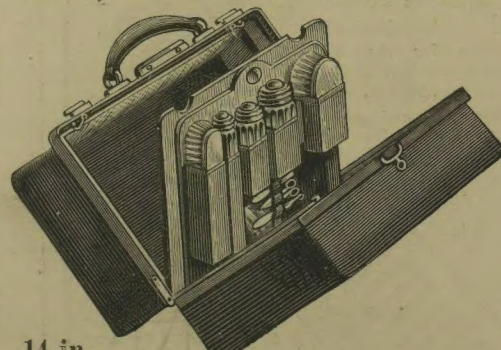
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